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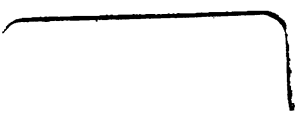

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

IN

FIVE VOLUMES.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

VOLUME FIFTH.

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LETTERS

OF THE LATE

REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.

TO HIS

MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

PUBLISHED BY HIS DAUGHTER,

L. S. DE MEDALLE.

JUNE, M, DCC, LXXV.

Adolphus Lane.

STERNE's LETTERS

TO HIS

FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

TO EUGENIUS.

THE first time I have dipped my pen in the ink horn for this week past, is to write to you, and thank you most sincerely for your kind epistle. Will this be a sufficient apology for my letting it be ten days upon my table without answering it? I trust it will: I am sure my own feelings tell me so; because I felt it impossible for me to do any thing that is ungracious towards you. It is not every hour, or day, or week of a man's life, that is a fit season for the duties of friendship. Sentiment is not always at hand; pride and folly, and what is called business, oftentimes keep it at a distance; and, without sentiment, what is friendship?——— a name! a shadow!———But, to prevent a misapplication of all this, (though why should I fear it from so kind and gentle a spirit as your's?) you must know, that, by the carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid or some one within his gates, the parsonage house at —— was, about a fortnight ago, burnt to the ground, with the furniture which belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books. The loss about three hundred and *fifty pounds.* The poor man, with his wife, *took the wings of the* next morning and fled away.

This has given me real vexation ; for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that, as soon as I heard of this disaster, I sent to desire him to come and take up his abode with me, till another habitation was ready to receive him ; but he was gone, and, as I am told, through fear of my prosecution !——— Heavens ! how little did he know me, to suppose I was among the number of those wretches, that heap misfortune upon misfortune ! and, when the load is almost insupportable, still add to the weight ! God, who reads my heart knows it to be true, that I wish rather to share, than increase the burden of the miserable, to dry up instead of adding a single drop to the stream of sorrow. As for the dirty trash of this world, I regard it not ! the loss of it does not cost me a sigh ; for after all, I may say with the Spanish captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the king, only not quite so rich——But to the point.

Shall I expect you here this summer ? I much wish that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a visit for a few weeks : I will give you a roast fowl for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth every day, and tell you a story by way of desert. In the heat of the day we will sit in the shade, and in the evening, the fairest of all the milk-maids, who pass by my gate, shall weave a garland for you.

If I should not be so fortunate to see you here, do contrive to meet me here the beginning of October. I shall stay here about a fortnight, and then seek a kindlier climate. This plaguy cough of mine seems to gain ground, and will bring me at last to my grave, in spite of all I can do ; but while I have strength to run away from it, I will——I have been wrestling with it for these twenty years past ; and what with laughter and good spirits, have prevented it giving me a fall ; but my antagonist presses closer than ever upon me, and I have nothing left on *my side* but another abroad ! *A propos*—are you for a scheme of that sort ? If not, perhaps you will be

so good as to accompany me as far as Dover, that we may laugh together on the beach to put Neptune in a good humor before I embark. God bless you.

Adieu,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II*.

TO MISS L———.

YES! I will steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am——Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding place——Suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-guilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill——dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me? No! they shall be my companions in solitude, for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L——we will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch fiend entered that undiscribable scene.

The kindest affections will have room to shoot and expand in our retirement, and produce such fruit, as madness, and envy, and ambition have always killed in the bud.——Let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace.—My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December——some friendly wall has shelter'd it from the biting wind.—No planetary influence shall reach us, but that which pre-

* *Mrs. Lydia Sterne Medalle informs us, that this and the three following Letters were written by her father to Mrs. Sterne, when she was in Staffordshire, before her marriage to him; and adds, that she published them "in justice to Mr. Sterne's delicate feelings," and that "a good heart breathes in every line of them."*

sides over and cherishes the sweetest flowers.—God preserve us, how delightful this prospect in idea! We will build, and we will plant, in our own way—simplicity shall not be tortured by art—we will learn of Nature how to live——she shall be our alchymist, to mingle all the good of life into one salubrious draught.—The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling; guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity—we will sing our choral songs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society.

L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

YOU bid me tell you, my dear L. how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where D'Estella stands, retains still its looks ——or if I think the roses or jessamines smell as sweet as when you left it—Alas! every thing has now lost its relish, and look! The hour you left D'Estella I took to my bed—I was worn-out with fevers of all kinds, but most by that fever of the heart with which thou knowest well I have been wasting these two years—and shall continue wasting till you quit S—. The good Miss S— from the forebodings of the best of hearts, thinking I was ill, insisted upon my going to her. What can be the cause, my dear L. that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myself rent to pieces? She made me stay an hour with her, and in that short space I burst into tears a dozen *different* times——and in such affectionate gusts *of passion, that* she was constrained to leave the

room, and sympathize in her dressing room——I have been weeping for you both, said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity——For poor L's heart, I have long known it——her anguish is as sharp as yours—her heart as tender—her constancy as great——her virtues as heroic—Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only answer her with a kind look, and a heavy sigh—and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired 'till your return) to resign myself to misery——Fanny hath prepared me a supper—she is all attention to me—but I sat over it with tears; a bitter sauce, my L. but I could eat it with no others—for the moment she began to spread my little table, my heart fainted within me.—One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass!——I gave a thousand pensive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced in those quiet and sentimental repasts——then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child.——I do so this very moment, my dear L. for as I take up my pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L——. O thou! blessed in thyself, and in thy virtues——blessed to all that know thee——to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex. This is the philtre, my L. by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine whilst virtue and faith hold this world together. This, my friend, is the plain and simple magic by which I told Miss——I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied, that time, or distance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspence in mine—Wast thou to stay in S——these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted——'tis the only exception where security *is not* the parent of danger. I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your

departure——contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn) she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S—— ; that I had never held up my head, and seldom, or scarce ever smiled, had fled from all society—that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—that I neither ate, or slept, or took pleasure in any thing as before ;—judge then, my L. can the valley look so well—or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet as heretofore ? Ah me ! But adieu—the vesper-bell calls me from thee to my God !

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an indictment against me in the high court of Friendship—— I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely submit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal.—Let this mitigate my punishment, if it will not expiate my transgression—do not say that I shall offend again in the same manner, tho' a too easy pardon sometimes occasions a repetition of the same fault. A miser says, Tho' I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow shall be marked with some deed of beneficence. The libertine says, Let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleasures, and the next I will dedicate to serious thought and reflection. The gamester says, Let me have one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more. The knave of every profession wishes to obtain but *independency* and he will become an honest man. *The female* coquette triumphs in tormenting her

inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he should not pity her.

Thy apparition of the fifth instant (for letters may almost be called so) proved more welcome, as I did not expect it. Oh! my L——, thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt assuredly repent of one act of kindness—for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with interest. Why does my L. complain of the desertion of friends?—— Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint?—It is a common observation, and perhaps too true, that married people seldom extend their regards beyond their own fire-side. There is such a thing as parsimony in esteem, as well as money——yet as the one costs nothing, it might be bestowed with more liberality. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, so we must not expect kind attachments from persons who are wholly folded up in selfish schemes. I do not know whether I most despise, or pity such characters——Nature never made an unkind creature—ill usage, and bad habits, have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L!—thou art surrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable. Disappointed ambition might envy such a retreat, and disappointed love would seek it out. Crouded towns, and busy societies, may delight the unthinking and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. Methinks I see my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of spring. Dost not thou mark with delight the first vernal buds? The snow-drop and primrose, these early and welcome visitors, spring beneath thy feet. Flora and Pomona already consider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with their sweetest blessings. The feathered race are all thy own, and with them untaught harmony will soon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. Sweet as this may be, return——*return*——the birds of Yorkshire will

tune their pipes, and sing as melodiously as
of Staffordshire.

Adieu, my beloved L !——Thine too muc
my *peace.*

L. STERN

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE offended her whom I so tenderly l
What could tempt me to it! But if a be
was to knock at thy gate, would'st thou not ope
door, and be melted with compassion? I know
would'st, for Pity has erected a temple in thy
som. Sweetest and best of all human passions
thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form
ffiction, and soften the darkest shades of misery
have re-considered this apology, and, alas!
will it accomplish? Arguments, however f
spun, can never change the nature of things.
Very true——so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad
dent, and what is worse he has left a widow and
young children to lament this sudden stroke.
real usefulness and integrity of heart could hav
cured him from this, his friends would not no
mourning his untimely fate. These dark and s
ingly cruel dispensations of Providence often m
the best of human hearts complain. Who can
the distress of an affectionate mother, made a wi
in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a nu
rous, helpless, and fatherless offspring?——C
these are thy chastisements, and require(hard ta
a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to
a tear over a departed friend; and what is more
cellent, an honest man. My L', thou wilt fee

that kindness can inspire in the death of———. The event was sudden and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account. But my L. thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over. At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge. In such a situation the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy, &c."

My L. talks of leaving the country——may a kind angel guide thy steps hither! Solitude at length grows tiresome. Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think so too.—Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflections of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with. I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house—almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time with a sigh, you are going to leave them. Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss. But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou rearedst with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure? Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence? Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree. If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VI.

To S—— C——, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *London, Christmass-day.*

I HAVE been in such a continual hurry since the moment I arrived here—what with my books and what with visitors and visitings, that it was not in my power sooner to sit down and acknowledge the favor of your obliging letter, and to thank you for the most friendly motives which lead you to write it. I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington so much on the chapter of *Noses*—because as the principal satire throughout that part is levelled at those learned blockh—ds who, in all ages, have wasted their time and much learning upon points as foolish—it shifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point—and 'tis thought here very good——'twill pass muster—I mean not with all—No—no! I shall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will—and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds—who either do not—or will not laugh. 'Tis enough if I divide the world: At least I will rest contented with it.

I wish you was here to see what changes of looks and political reasoning have taken place in every company and coffee-house since last year; we shall be soon Prussians and Anti-Prussians, and B——s and Anti-B——s and those distinctions will just do as well as Whig and Tory——and for ought I know serve the same ends. The K. seems resolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to stop the torrent of corruption and laziness——He rises every morning at six to do business—*rides* out at eight to a minute, returns at *nine to give* himself up to his people. By persist-

ing, 'tis thought he will oblige his M———s and dependants to dispatch affairs with him many hours sooner than of late—and 'tis much to be questioned whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him sooner by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications, which will in all likelihood be transferred from them directly to himself—the present system being to remove that phalanx of great people, which stood betwixt the throne and the subjects, and suffer them to have immediate access without the intervention of a Cabal——(this is the language of others) : However, the K. gives every thing himself, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible—this puts old stagers off their game—how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis fear'd the war is quite over in Germany ; never was known such havoc amongst troops—I was told yesterday by a colonel from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belonged, but seventy-one left !—P—— F—— has sent word, 'tis said, that he must have forty thousand men directly sent to take the field—and with provisions for them too, for he can but subsist them for a fortnight—I hope this will find you all got to York—I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c. &c. tho' I purposed going first to Golden Square, yet fate has thus long disposed of me—so I have never been able to set a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear sir,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just time to acknowledge the fa
yours, but not to get the two prints you
tion—which shall be sent you by next post—
bought them and lent them to miss Gilbert, l
assuredly send for them and inclose them to
I will take care to get your pictures well
and at a moderate price. And if I can be of
use, I beseech you to employ me ; and fro
to time will send you an account of whatev
be worth transmitting.——The stream now
strong against the German war. Loud com
of —— —— —— making a trade of the w
&c. Much expected from Lord G——'s e
to these matters, who is expected every hour
K. wins every day upon the people, shows l
much at the play (but at no opera) rides o
his brothers every morning, half an hour aft
till nine——returns with them——spends a
with them at breakfast and chat—and then sit
to business. I never dined at home once
arrived—am fourteen dinners deep engag
now, and fear matters will be worse with me
point than better—As to the main points i
at which you hint—all I can say is, that I s
way, and unless old nick throws the dice—s
due time, come off winner.—Tristram will
the twentieth.—There is a great rout mad
him before he enters the stage—whether this
of use or no I cannot say—Some wits of t
magnitude here, both as to wit and station,
me success—time will show—Adieu dear si
with my compliments to Mrs. Croft, &c.

I am your affectionate
and obliged
L. STE

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I THIS moment received the favor of your kind letter.——The Letter in the Lady's Magazine about me, was wrote by the noted dr. H——, who wrote the Inspector, and undertakes that Magazine ——The people of York are very uncharitable to suppose any man so gross a beast as to pen such a character of himself.——In this great town no soul ever suspected it, for a thousand reasons——Could they suppose I should be such a fool as to fall foul upon dr. W——n, my best friend, by representing him so weak a man——or by telling such a lie of him——as his giving me a purse to buy off his tutorship for Tristram ?—or I should be fool enough to own I had taken his purse for that purpose ?

You must know there is a quarrel between dr. H—— and dr. M——y, who was the physician meant at Mr. C—— S——'s and dr. H—— has changed the place on purpose to give M——y a lick. ——Now that conversation (tho' perhaps true) yet happened at another place, and with another physician ; which I have contradicted in this city for the honor of my friend M——y, all which shows the absurdity of York credulity and nonsense. Besides the account is full of falshoods.——First, with regard to the place of my birth, which was at C——, in Ireland——The story of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——, not true, or of a *pension promised ;* the merit of which I disclaimed————and indeed there are so many other things so untrue, and *unlikely to come from* me, that the worst enemy I *have here never had* a suspicion——and to end all *dr. H—— owns the* paper.

I shall be down before May is out——I preach before the Judges on Sunday———my sermons come out on Thursday after——and I purpose the Monday at farthest after that to set out for York—— I have bought a pair of horses for that purpose—— My best respects to your lady——

I am, dear sir,
Your most obliged and faithful
L. STERNE.

P. S. I beg pardon for this hasty scrawl, having come from a concert where the D——of Y——performed——I have received great notice from him, and last week had the honor of supping with him.

LETTER. IX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I had the honor of your obliging letter, nothing has happened or been said one day, which has not been contradicted the next; so having little certain to write, I have forbore writing at all, in hopes every day of something worth filling up a letter. We had the greatest expectations yesterday that ever were raised, of a pitched battle in the H—— of C———, where Mr. P—— was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war.——There never was so full a house——the gallery full to the top——I was there all the day——When, lo! a political fit of the gout seized the great combatant——he entered not the lists——B—— got up, and begged the house, as he saw not his right honorable friend there, to put off *the debate*—It could not be done; so B—— rose *up, and* made a most long, passionate, incoherent *speech, in* defence of the Germanic war—but ye

severe upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on —in which he addressed himself principally to the C—— of the E——, and laid him on terribly.—— It seems the Chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds on account, and brought in our treasury debtor——and the grand debate was for an honest examination of the particulars of this extravagant account, and for vouchers to authenticate it. —L—— answered B—— very rationally and coolly —Lord N. spoke long——sir F. D—— maintained the German war was most pernicious—Mr. C——, of Surry, spoke well against the account, with some others—L. B——n at last got up, and spoke half an hour with great plainness and temper—explained a great many hidden springs relating to these accounts in favor of the late K— and told two or three conversations which had passed between the K— and himself relative to these expenses—which cast great honor on the K's character. This was with regard to the money the K. had secretly furnished out of his pocket to lessen the account of the Hanover-score brought us to discharge.

B——d and B——n abused all who sought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and B——d added, that the reasons of wishing a peace now, were the same as at the peace of Utrecht—that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too, so were for making another sacrifice of the nation to their own interests.——After all—the cry for a peace is so general, that it will certainly end in one. Now for myself.

One half of the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies——the best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer to *Wimbledon*. On Wednesday there is to be *a grand assembly* at lady N——, I have inquired *every where* about Stephen's affair, and can hear

nothing—My friend Mr. Charles T— will l
secretary of war—he bid me wish him joy o
not in possession.—I will ask him—and dep
most worthy friend, that you shall not be ign
what I learn from him—Believe me ever, ev
Your's.
L. STER

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR,

A STRAIN which I got in my wrist b
rible fall prevented my acknowledg
favor of your obliging letter. I went ye
morning to breakfast with Mr. V——, w
kind of right hand man to the Secretary, ·
pose to enquire about the propriety, or fea
of doing what you wish me—and he has tol
anecdote which, had you been here, would,
have made it wiser to have deferred speakin
the affair a month hence than now; it is t
You must know that the numbers of offic
have left their regiments in Germany for th
sures of the town, have been a long topic for
ment; as you see them in St. James's coffe
and the park, every hour, inquiring, open
how things go on in Germany, and what ne
when they should have been there to have
ed news themselves ——But the worst part h
that many of them have left their brother-off
their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, a
come with no end but to make friends to be
fairly over the *heads of those* who were left
their lives. In this attempt there have bee
but too successful, which has justly raised ill-
complaints from the officers who staid beh

upshot has been, that they have every soul been ordered off, and woe be to him ('tis said) who shall be found listening. Now just to mention our friend's case whilst this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good; but if you think otherwise, I will go with all my heart and mention it to Mr. T—, for to do more I am too inconsiderable a person to pretend to.—You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the Court—but they do not consider what a considerable person they make of me, when they suppose either my going or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the K's head—and for those about him, I have the honor either to stand so personally well known to them, or to be so well represented by those of the first rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God (B——'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have fotfeited or done aught to forfeit—but on the contrary, my true character is better understood; and where I had one friend last year who did me honor, I have three now.—If my enemies knew that by this rage of abuse and ill will they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet——but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found that the way to fame is like the way to heaven——through much tribulation ——and till I shall have the honor to be as much mal-treated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble; for I have not filled up the measure of half their *persecutions*.

The Court is turning topsy-turvy. Lord B—e, le premier——Lord T——t to be groom of the chambers in room of D—— of R———d Lord H——x to Ireland——Sir F. D——d in T——'s place—P——t seems unmoved——a peace inevitable——stocks rise—the peers this moment kissing hands, &c. &c. (this week may be christened the *Kiss-hands Week*) for a hundred changes will hap-

pen in consequence of these. Pray present compliments to Mrs. C —— and all friends, and lieve me, with the greatest fidelity,

Your ever obliged
L. STERNE

P. S. Is it not strange that Lord T——t shc have power to remove the Duke of R——d ?

Pray when you have read this, send the new Mrs. Sterne.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you ten thousand thanks for the fa of your letter—and the account you give m my wife and girl. I saw Mr. Ch—y to night Ranelagh, who tells me you have inoculated friend Bobby. I heartily wish him well throu and hope in God all goes right.

On Mondy we set out with a grand retinue lord Rockingham's(in whose suite I move)for W sor——they have contracted for fourteen hund pounds for the dinner, to some general undertal of which the K. has bargained to pay one th Lord G—— S—— was last Saturday at the op some say with great effrontery—others with gi dejection.

I have little news to add.——There is a shill pamphlet wrote against Tristram.—I wish tl would write a hundred such.

Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light ; will y dear sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas, an will reckon with you when I have the pleasure *meeting you* ?——My best compliments to M

C. and all friends.——Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XII.

TO MISS F———.

York, Tuesday, Nov. 19.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR kind inquiries after my health deserve my best thanks. What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value? —I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water—it has been of infinite service to me. I suppose, my good lady, by what you say in your letter "that I am busy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York—the fountain head of chit-chat news—and—no matter.—— Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author? Why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—It is a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.—I depend much upon the candor of the public, but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst*******, and—— till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people condemn it.——Laugh I am sure you will at some passages.——I have hired a small house in the Minister-Yard for my wife and daughter——the latter is to begin dancing, &c. If I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education.——As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you.—All your friends are well, and ever hold you in *the same* estimation that your sincere *friend does.*

Adieu, dear lady ! Believe me, with every wi
for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIII.

TO DR. ******.

January 30, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

——*DE mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a maxim whic you have so often of late urged in convers tion, and in your letters (but in your last especiall with such seriousness and severity against me, the supposed transgressor of the rule—that you ha made me at length as serious and severe as you self :——But that the humors you have stirred u might not work too potently within me, I have wai ed four days to cool myself, before I would set p to paper to answer your " *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* I declare I have considered the wisdom and found tion of it over and over again, as dispassionately a charitably as a good Christian can ; and, after all, can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin b some pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to th end of the world, for the consolation of departi lechers. It is, I own, Latin ; and I think that is the weight it has—for, in plain English, it is a loo and futile position below a dispute—" *you are not speak any thing of the dead but what is good.*"— Why so ?——Who says so ?——Neither reason scripture——Inspired authors have done otherwi —and reason and common sense tell me, that the characters of past ages and men are to be dra *at all, they* are to be drawn like themselves ; that *with their* excellencies, and with their foibles—

and it is as much a piece of justice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other.—The ruling passion *et les egarements du cœur* are the very things which mark and distinguish a man's character;—— in which I would as soon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horse.——However, if like the poor devil of a painter we must conform to his pious canon, *de mortuis*, &c. which I own has a spice of piety in the *sound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the same pot——I then infer that our Sydenhams and Sangrados, our Lucretias and Messalains, our Sommers and our Bolingbrokes, are alike entitled to statues, and all the historians or satirists who have said otherwise since they departed this life, from Sallust to S—e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with "cowardice and injustice."

But why cowardice?—"Because it is not courage to attack a dead man who cannot defend himself."—But why do you doctors of the faculty attack such a one with your incision-knife?—Oh! for the good of our living.———'Tis my plea———But I have something more to say in my behalf—and it is this ——I am not guilty of the charge——though defensible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunastrokius at all——I have just scratched him—and that scarce skin-deep.——I do him first all honor——speak of Kunastrokius as a great man——(be he who he will) and then most distantly hint at a droll foible in his character———and that not first reported (to the few who can even understand the hint) by me—— but known before by every chamber-maid and footman within the bills of mortality.—But Kunastrokius, you say, was a great man.———It is that very circumstance which makes the pleasantry——for I could name at this instant a score of honest gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunastrokius did and seen no joke in it at all.——*As to the failing of* Kunastrokius, which you say can *only be imputed to* his friends as a misfortune——

I see nothing like a misfortune in it to any friend or relation of Kunastrokius—that Kunastrokius upon occasions should sit with *** **** and *******—— I have put these stars not *to hurt your worship's delicacy*——If Kunastrokius after all is too sacred a character to be even smiled at, (which is all I have done) he has had better luck than his betters.——In the same page (without imputation of cowardice) I have said as much of a man of twice his wisdom ——and that is Solomon; of whom I have made the same remark, "that they were both great men ——and like all mortal men had each their ruling passion."

——The consolation you give me, "That my book however will be read enough to answer my design of raising a tax upon the public"——is very unconsolatory——to say nothing how very mortifying!——By h——n! an author is worse treated than a common ***** at this rate——"*you will get a penny by your sins, and that's enough.*"——Upon this chapter let me comment.——That I proposed laying the world under contribution when I set pen to paper——is what I own; and I suppose I may be allowed to have that view in my head in common with every other writer, to make my labor of advantage to myself.——Do not you do the same?—— But I beg I may add, that whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views——the first of which was, the hopes of doing the world good by ridiculing what I thought deserving of it——or of disservice to sound learning, &c.——How I have succeeded my book must show—and this I leave entirely to the world——but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whose opinion and sentiments you call the general opinion of the best judges *without exception*, who all affirm (you say) that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. (I hope you except widows, doctor——for they are *not all so* squeamish—but am told they are all really *of my* party, in return for some good offices done

their interests in the 176th page of my second volume)—But for the chaste married, and chaste unmarried part of the sex—they must not read my book! Heaven forbid the stock of chastity should be lessened by the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy——yes, his Opinions———it would certainly debauch 'em! God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and send us plenty of Duennas to watch the workings of their humors, till they have safely got through the whole work.—If this will not be sufficient, may we have plenty of Sangrados to pour in plenty of cold water, till this terrible fermentation is over.——As for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a second time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt.——I thank God, though I don't abound——that I have enough for a clean shirt every day, and a mutton chop—and my contentment with this has thus far (and I hope ever will) put me above stooping an inch for it.——For estate, curse on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy *(you may be sure)* any man who kneels in the dirt for it—so that howsoever I may fall short of the ends proposed in commencing author——I enter this *protest*; first, that my end was *honest*; and secondly, that I wrote not to be *fed*; but to be *famous*.—I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his very favorable opinion——but why, dear sir, had he done better in finding fault with it than in commending it.——To humble me?——An author is not so soon humbled as you imagine ———No, but to make the book better by castrations.——That is still *sub judice*; and I can assure you upon this chapter, that the very passages and descriptions you propose that I should sacrifice in my second edition, are what are best relished by men of wit, and some others whom I esteem as sound critics——so that upon the whole, I am still kept up, if not above fear, at least above despair, and have seen enough to show me the folly of an attempt *of castrating my book* to the prudish humors of par-

ticulars. I believe the short cut would be, to publish this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the first and second——I was sorry to find a censure upon the insincerity of some of my friends—I have no reason myself to reproach any one man——my friends have continued in the same opinions of my books which they first gave me of them—many indeed have thought better of 'em, by considering them more ; few worse,

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XIV.

To the E—— of G——

York, June 9th, 1760.

MY LORD,

NOT knowing where to send two sets of my sermons, I could think of no better expedient than to order them into Mr. Berringer's hands, who has promised me that he will wait upon your lordship with them the first moment he hears you are in town. The truest and humblest thanks I return to your lordship for the generosity of your protection, and advice to me ; by making a good use of the one, I will hope to deserve the other. I wish your lordship all the health and happiness in this world for I am,

Your lordship's

most obliged and

most grateful servant,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I am just sitting down to go on with Tristram, &c.—The scribblers use me ill, but they have used my betters much worse, for which may God forgive them.

LETTER XV.

To the Rev. Mr. Sterne.

Prior Park, June 15th, 1760.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE your favor of the 9th instant, and am glad to understand you are got safe home, and employed again in your proper studies and amusements. You have it in your power to make that which is an amusement to yourself and others, useful to both; at least you should, above all things beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners: But I have already taken such repeated liberties of advising you on that head, that to say more would be needless, and perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is in any way, well received by the public, is sure to be annoyed by that pest of the public, *profligate scribblers*. This is the common lot of successful adventurers; but such have often a worse evil to struggle with, I mean the over-officiousness of their indiscreet friends. There are two Odes, as they are called, printed by Dodsley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness:—Yet such is the malignity of the scribblers, some have given them to your friend Hall; and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself; though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and ridiculous light. But this might arise from a tale equally

groundless and malignant, that you had shown them to your acquaintances in *M. S.* before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodsley the likeliest means of discrediting the calumny.

About this time another, under the mask of friendship pretended to draw your character, which was since published in a *Female Magazine*, (for Dulness, who often has as great a hand as the devil in deforming God's works of the creation, has *made them* it seems *male* and *female*) and from thence it was transferred into a *Chronicle*. Pray have you read it, or do you know its author?

But of all these things, I dare say Mr. Garrick, whose prudence is equal to his honesty or his talents, has remonstrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconstancy of what is called the public towards all, even the best intentioned of those who contribute to its pleasure or amusement. He (as every man of honor and discretion would) has availed himself of the public favor to regulate the taste, and in his proper station to reform the manners of the fashionable world; while by a well judged economy he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be assured, there is no one more sincerely wishes your welfare and happiness than,

Reverend sir,

W. G.

LETTER XVI.

To my Witty Widow, Mrs. F——.

Coxwood, August 3, 1760.

MADAM,

WHEN a man's brains are as dry as a squeezed orange—and he feels he has no more

conceit in him than a mallet, it is in vain to think of sitting down and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John Trot style of, *yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand, &c.* which by the bye, looks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honor to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in, was the reason I have told Mr ——— I would not write to you till the next post—hoping by that time to get some small recruit at least of vivacity, if not wit, to set out with;—but upon second thoughts, thinking a bad letter in season to be better than a good one out of it, this scrawl is the consequence; which if you will burn the moment you get it, I promise to send you a fine set essay in the style of your female epistolizers, cut and trimmed at all points. ———God defend me from such, who never yet knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life—for this reason I send you with pleasure, because wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart.—Who told you Garrick wrote the Medley for Beard?—It was wrote in his house, however, and before I left town.—I deny it—I was not lost two days before I left town—I was lost all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy castle of mine—Next winter I intend to sojourn amongst you with more decorum, and will neither be lost or found any where.

Now I wish to God I was at your elbow—I have just finished one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to some one who I know can taste and relish humor——This, by the way, is a little impudent in me—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightinesses the world have yet to determine ——But I mean no such thing—I could wish only to have your opinion—Shall I, in truth, give you mine?—I dare not—but I will, provided you keep it to yourself—*Know then*, that I think there is more

laughable humor,—with equal degree of Cervantic satire—if not more than in the last—but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thousand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation—and I will take care you shall never wish me but well; for I am, madam,

With great esteem and truth,
Your most obliged
L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this so vilely and so precipitately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer——I beg you will do me the honor to write———otherwise you draw *me* in, instead of Mr. ——— drawing *you* into a scrape———for I should sorrow to have a *taste* of so agreeable a correspondent——and *no more*.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

Coxwood, — 1761.

DEAR H——,

I REJOICE you are in London——rest you there in peace; here it is the devil. You was a good prophet——I wish myself back again, as you told me I should—but not because a thin death-doing pestiferous north east wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-castle turret full upon me in this cuckoldly retreat, (for I value the north-east wind and all its powers not a straw)———but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest was too violent.—*I should* have walked about the streets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have passed through,

before I entered upon my rest—I staid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like a wise man—and if God, for my consolation under them, had not poured foth the spirit of Shandyism into me, which will not suffer me to think two moments upon any grave subject, I would else just now lie down and die—die——and yet in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I shall be as merry as a monkey—and as mischievous too, and forget it all—so that this is but a copy of the present train running across my brain.—And so you think this cursed stupid—but that, my dear H. depends much upon the *quota hora* of your shabby clock.—If the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon, I give it up——or if the day is obscured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am still lost—But who knows but it may be five——and the day as fine a day as ever shone upon the earth since the destruction of Sodom——and peradventure your honor may have got a good hearty dinner to day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placidulish and a blandulish amalgama——to bear nonsense——So much for that.

It is as cold and churlish just now, as (if God had not pleased it to be so) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are, where you are and where (I repeat it again) I wish I was also—Curse of poverty, and absence from those we love !—they are two great evils which embitter all things—and yet with the first I am not haunted much.————As to matrimony I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy——but the world is not—and had I staid from her a second longer it would have been a burning shame—else she declares herself happier without me—But not in anger is this declaration made—but in pure sober good-sense, built on sound experience—she hopes you will be *able to strike a bargain* for me before this time

twelvemonth to lead a bear round Europe; and from this hope from you I verily believe it is that you are so high in her favor at present—She swears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny, jolly soul, though somewhat splenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honest as *gold*——How do you like the simile?—Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting sorrowful as the prophet was when the voice cried out to him and said, "What dost thou here, Elijah?"—It is well the spirit does not make the same at Coxwood—for unless for the few sheep left me to take care of in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca—when we find we can, by a shifting of places, run away from ourselves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a visit to the *Vale of Jehosaphat?*——As ill a fame as we have, I trust I shall one day or other see you face to face——so tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteously and soberly as *you* do, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them——Present my best and warmest wishes to them, and advise the eldest to prop up his spirits, and get a rich dowager before the conclusion of the peace—Why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

To morrow morning (if heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy——I care not a curse for the critics——I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* sends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone—I am very valorous—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it—No bad rant!—God above bless you! You know I am

Your affectionate cousin,

L. STERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet—and write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.

LETTER XVIII.

TO D—— G——, ESQ.

Paris, January 31, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THINK not that because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. G. a hundred times in my head and heart——Heart! Yes, yes, say you—But I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to——By the bye, I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honors I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme a Londres.*) I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hand.——My application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere(who, by the bye,sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. G.) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourg—— the Baron d'Holbach has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behavior in France——'tis more you rogue! than you will do—This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *scavans* who are no wits—— keeps open house three days a week——his house is now, as yours was to me, my own——he lives at a great expence—'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire—*I found* him reading Tristram—— *This grandee does* me great honors, and gives me

leave to go a private way through his apartments into the Palais Royal, to view the duke of Orleans' collections every day I have time—I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from the delights of this place, which in the *scavoir vivre* exceeds all the places I believe, in this section of the globe——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Macartney to Versailles——The next morning I wait upon Monsieur Titon, in company with Mr. Macartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation ——I have bought another in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, who he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mad. Clairon in *Iphigenie*—she is extremely great—Would to God you had one or two like her——What a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene——but it is too much——Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke this week "The Frenchman in London," in which Preville is to send us home to supper *all happy*—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good breeding and good nature—In a post or two I will write again—Foley is an honest soul—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene since these last fourteen days——but more of this hereafter——We are all going into mourning; nor you nor Mrs. G. would know me, if you met me in my remise.——Bless you both—Service to Mrs. Denis.—Adieu, adieu.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIX.

TO LADY D——.

London, February 1, 1762.

YOUR ladyship's kind inquiries after my health is indeed kind, and of a piece with the rest of ur character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke essel in my lungs——Hard writing in the sum- er, together with preaching, which I have not ength for, is ever fatal to me——but I cannot id the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable be given up——I believe I shall try if the south France will not be of service to me——His G. of has most humanely given me the permission for ear or two——I shall set off with great hopes of efficacy, and shall write to my wife and daughter come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not so long——"Le Fevre's story has beguiled your dyship of your tears," and the thought of the ac- sing spirit flying up to heaven's chancery with e oath, you are kind enough to say is sublime My friend Mr. Garrick thinks so too, and I am ost vain of his approbation—your ladyship's opi- on adds not a little to my vanity.

I wish I had time to take a little excursion to ath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging ings you say in your letter—but it is impossible— cept at least my warmest thanks——If I could mpt my friend Mr. H. to come to France, I should truly happy—If I can be of any service to you Paris, command him who is, and ever will be,

Your ladyship's faithful,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

Coxwould, July 28, 1762.

DEAR H——,

I SYMPATHIZED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations——and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have inquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured, that all that vacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise) will have left you better than it found you—Need one go to D—— to be told that all kind of mild, (mark, I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary) opening, saponaceous, dirty-shirt, sudwashing liquors are proper for you, and consequently all styptical potations, death and destruction?—If you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the Glauber salts could not have hurt:—As it was, it was like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh combustion, as all physic does at first, so that you have been let off—nitre, brimstone, and charcoal, (which is blackness itself) all at one blast—It was well the piece did not burst, for I think it underwent great violence, and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world.—Panty is mistaken, I quarrel with no one.——There was that coxcomb of —— in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he set up to the persecution of all true believers.—I sat down upon *his altar*, and whistled in the time of his divine service——and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incense-pot to the D——; so he *retreated, sed non sine telo in corde suo*—I have wrote

:lerum, whether I shall take my doctor's degrees
· no——I am much in doubt, but I trow not.——I
› on with Tristram——I have bought seven hun-
ed books at a purchase dog-cheap——and many
›od——and I have been a week getting them set
› in my best room here——Why do not you trans-
›rt yours to town? But I talk like a fool.——This
ill just catch you at your Spa——I wish you *inco-
mem apud Londinum*.——Do you go there for good
id all——or ill?——I am, dear cousin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXI.

To D—— G——, Esq.

Paris, March 19, 1762.

DEAR G.

THIS will be put into your hands by doctor Ship-
pen, a physician, who has been here some
me with Miss Poyntz, and is this moment setting
f for your metropolis, so I snatch the opportunity
f writing to you and my kind friend Mrs. G.——I
:e nothing like her here, and yet I have been in-
oduced to one half of their best Goddesses, and in
month more shall be admitted to the shrines
f the other half——But I neither worship
——or fall (much) upon my knees before them;
ut, on the contrary, have converted many unto
handyism:——For be it known, I Shandy it away
fty times more than I was ever wont, talk more
onsense than ever you heard me talk in your days
——and to all sorts of people.——*Qui le diable est
e homme la?*——"*Le Chevalier Shandy.*"——You'll
hink me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest
f the dialogue:——Whether the bearer knows it
r no, I know not——'twill serve up after supper,
i *Southampton-street*, amongst other small dishes,

after the fatigues of Richard the IIId.——O God! they have nothing here which gives the nerves so smart a blow as those great characters in the hands of G——! But I forgot I am writing to the man himself——The devil take (as he will) these transports of enthusiasm! Apropos—the whole city of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera, and if it was not for the affairs of the Jesuits, which take up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all—it is a tragical nuisance in all companies as it is, and was it not for some sudden starts and dashes—— of Shandyism, which now and then either breaks the thread, or entangles it so that the devil himself would be puzzled in winding it off——I should die a martyr——This, by the way, I never will.

I send you over some of these comic operas by the bearer, with *Le Sallon*, a satire—The French comedy I seldom visit——they act scarce any thing but tragedies——and though Clairon is great and Mad. Dumesnil in some places still greater than her———yet I cannot bear preaching——I fancy I got a surfeit of it in my younger days.———There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night—Peace be with it; and the gentle brain which made it!——I have ten thousand things to tell you I cannot write———I do a thousand things which cut no figure *but in the doing*——and, as in London, I have the honor of having done and said a thousand things I never did or dream'd of—and yet I dream abundantly——If the devil stood behind me in the shape of a courier, I could not write faster than I do, having five letters more to dispatch by the same gentleman; he is going into another section of the globe, and when he has seen you, he will depart in peace.

The duke of Orleans has suffered my portrait to be added to the number of some odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it most expressively at full length———I purpose to obtain an etching of it, and to send it you ——*Your* prayer for me of rosy health is heard——

If I stay here for three or four months, I shall return more than reinstated. My love to Mrs. G.

I am, my dear G.

Your most humble servant

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, April 10, 1762.

MY DEAR G.

I SNATCH the occasion of Mr. Wilcox (the late bishop of Rochester's son) leaving this place for England to write to you, and I inclose it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, possibly behind the scenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*——I would have said *kingdom*—but here every thing is hyperbolized——and if a woman is but simply pleased, ——it is *Je suis charmee*——and if she is charmed, it is nothing less than she is *ravished*——and when ravished, (which may happen) there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and swear, *qu'elle etoit toute extasiee*———which mode of speaking is, by the bye, here creeping into use; and there is scarce a woman who understands the *bon ton*, but is seven times in a day in downright extasy——that is, the devil's in her——by a small mistake of one world for the other——Now, where am I got?

I have been these two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents, to read and conjecture if it would do for you——It is from the plan of Diderot, and possibly half a translation of it——"The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue," in five acts——It has too much sentiment in it, (at least for me) the *speeches* too long, and savor too much of

preaching——this may be a second reason it is not to my taste——It is all love, love, love, throughout, without much separation in the character; so I fear it would not do for your stage, and perhaps for the very reason which recommends it to a French one. After a vile suspension of three weeks—we are beginning with our comedies and operas again—Yours. I hear never flourished more——here the comic actors were never so low——the tragedians hold up their heads——in all senses. I have known *one little man* support the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his shoulders; but Preville can't do half so much here, tho' Mad. Clairon stands by him, and sets her back to his——she is very great, however, and highly improved since you saw her——she also supports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thursday, when she *gives to eat*, (as they say here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected, as soon as the peace will let you——these two last days you have happened to engross the whole conversation at two great houses where I was at dinner ——It is the greatest problem in nature, and in this meridian, that one and the same man should possess such tragic and comic powers, and in such an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two nature intended him.

Crebillon has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*——As soon as I get to Thoulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of Tristram Shandy——which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works ——These are to be printed together——— Crebillon against Sterne——Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold and the money equally divided——This is good Swiss policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could spend one *whole* winter at Thoulouse, I should be fortified, in *my inner man*, beyond all danger of relapsing.——

A sad asthma my daughter has been martyr'd with these three winters, but mostly this last, makes it, I fear, necessary, she should try the last remedy of a warmer and softer air; so I am going this week to Versailles, to wait upon Count Choiseul to solicit passports for them——If this system takes place, they join me here——and after a month's stay we all decamp for the south of France——if not, I shall see you in June next. Mr. Fox and Mr. Macartney having left Paris, I live altogether in French families——I laugh 'till I cry, and in the same tender moments *cry 'till I laugh.* I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe, that by mere Shandyism, sublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much against infirmities, as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear G. Present ten thousand of my best respects and wishes to and for my friend Mrs. G—— Had she been last night upon the Tuilleries, she would have annihilated a thousand French goddesses *in one single turn.*

I am most truly,
my dear friend,
L. STERNE.

LETTER. XXIII.

TO MRS. STERNE, YORK.

Paris, —— 16th, 1762.

IT is a thousand to one that this reaches you before you have set out—however, I take the chance——You will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wish you joy of your arrival in town.——To that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on——for I have almost drained my brains dry upon the subject.——For God's sake, rise early and *gallop away in the cool*—and always see that you

have not forgot your baggage in changing p
chaises—You will find good tea upon the road fr
York to Dover——only bring a little to carry
from Calais to Paris——Give the Custom-Ho
officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if
have much Scotch-snuff——but as tobacco is g
here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and mak
yourself,that is, order your valet to manufacture i
it will keep him out of mischief.——I would ad
you to take three days in coming up, for fear
heating yourself——See that they do not give
a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but
will look sharp—drink small rhenish to keep
cool (that is, if you like it)——live well, and d
yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So Go
heaven prosper and go along with you——Kiss
Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours,

L. STERNE

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, —— 31, 1762

MY DEAR,

THERE have no mails arrived here 'till t
morning for three posts, so I expected v
great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—
and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Thre
wife, and by the time you receive this, you will
busier still——I have exhausted all my ideas ab
your journey—and what is needful for you to do
fore and during it——so I write only to tell yo
am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swis
land's secretary, I got this morning to write a le
for you to the governor of the Custom-House

fice at Calais——it shall be sent you next post. ——You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—Take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. It is well I bought you a chaise—— there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas for a friend of mine, who is going from hence to Italy—The weather was never known to set in so hot as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaise by four in the morning and travel 'till nine—and not stir out again till six: But I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your pass-port, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation——and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive.—For my own part, I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—Present my respects to all friends.——You have bid Mr. C. get my visitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the inclosure at Rascal, they must be inclosed to me—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—so heaven preserve you both—Believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia——I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, —— 1762.

MY DEAR,

I KEEP my promise, and write to you again—I am sorry the bureau must be opened for the deeds—but you will see it done—I imagine you are convinced of the necessity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket—If you consider Lydia must have two slight negligees—you will want a new gown or two: As for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired because English than French.——Mrs. H. writes me word that I am mistaken about buying silk cheaper at Thoulouse than Paris; that she advises you to buy what you want here——where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c.——These I say will all cost you sixty guineas—and you must have them—for in this country nothing must be spared for the back—and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes, according to which you are well or ill looked on. When we are got to Thoulouse, we must begin to turn the penny, and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap——I think that expression will divert you.——And now God knows I have not a wish but for your health, comfort, and safe arrival here——Write to me every other post, that I may know how you go on—— You will be in raptures with your chariot—Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has seen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain.——You will wonder all the way, how I am to find room in it for a third—To ease you of this wonder, it is by what the coach-makers here call a

cave, which is a second bottom added to that you s your feet upon, which lets the person (who sits ove against you) down with his knees to your ancles and by which you have all more room——and what is more, less heat——because his head does intercept the foreglass little or nothing——Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns.———Sometimes I shall take a bidet———(a little post-horse) and scamper before——at other times, I shall sit in fresco upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well.——I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus, and so genteely, for it is like making a present of it.—— Mr. T—— will send you an order to receive it at Calais——And now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing ?

Adieu, adieu !

Yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to see every thing——and so long you must stay to rest your bones.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, June 14, 1762.

MY DEAREST,

HAVING an opportunity of writing by a friend who is setting out this morning for London, I rite again, in case the two last letters I have wrote is week to you should be detained by contrary nds at Calais——I have wrote to Mr. E—— by same hand, to thank him for his kindness to you, he handsomest manner I could——and have told , his *good heart* and his wife's have made them

overlook the trouble of having you at his house, but that if he takes you apartments near him, they will still have occasion enough left to show their friendship to us—I have begged him to assist you, and stand by you, as if he was in my place, with regard to the sale of the Shandy—And then the copy-right—mark to keep these things distinct in your head—But Becket I have ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare say you will have very little trouble in finishing matters with him——and I would rather wish you to treat with him than with another man——but whoever buys the fifth and sixth volumes of Shandy, must have the nay-say of the seventh and eighth.——I wish, when you come here, in case the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleasant to go to the Spa for four or six weeks, where we should live for half the money we should spend at Paris————after that we should take the sweetest season of the vintage to go to the south of France——But we will put our heads together, and you shall just do as you please in this, and in every thing which depends on me——for I am a being perfectly contented, when others are pleased ——To bear and forbear will ever be my maxim—only I fear the heats thro' a journey of five hundred miles for you and my Lydia, more than for myself. —Do not forget the watch-chain—bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewise.——We shall lie under great obligations to the Abbe M. and must make him such a small acknowledgment: According to my way of flourishing, it will be a present worth a kingdom to him——They have bad pins and vile needles here—bring for yourself, and some for presents——as also a strong bottle-screw for whatever scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c. to uncork us our Fontinac——You will find a letter for you at the Lyon d'Argent——Send for your chaise into the court-yard, and see all is tight —Buy a chain at Calais strong enough not to be cut *off, and let* your portmanteau be tied on the forepart

of your chaise, for fear of a dog's trick——So God bless you both, and remember me to my Lydia.

I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, June, 1762.

MY DEAREST,

PROBABLY you will receive another letter with this, by the same post: If so, read this the last——It will be the last you can possibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you just as you are upon the wing—— If that should happen, I suppose in course you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters; and when these are settled to your mind, you will have got through your last difficulty———every thing else will be a step of pleasure, and by the time you have got half a dozen stages, you will set up your pipes and sing Te Deum together, as you whisk it along.—Desire Mr C— to send me a proper letter of attorney by you; he will receive it back by return of post. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the best channel——If I was not sure you must have long since got my picture, garnets, &c. I would write and scold Mr. T——— abominably—he put them into Becket's hands, to be forwarded by the stage-coach to you as soon as he got to town.—I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come safe to you, and then you will say that I have not been a bad lad—for you will find I have been writing continually, as I *wished you to do*—*Bring* your silver coffee-pot; it

will serve both to give water, lemonade, and orgeat—to say nothing of coffee and chocolate, which by the bye, is both cheap and good at Thoulouse, like other things.——I had like to have forgot a most necessary thing: There are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we shall find such a thing the most comfortable utensil in the house——Buy a good strong one, which will hold two quarts———a dish of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey south——I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry also: As china cannot be brought over from England we must make up a villanous party colored tea equipage to regale ourselves and our English friends whilst we are at Thoulouse—I hope you have got your bill from Becket.—There is a goodnatured kind of a trader I have just heard of at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France, with horses, the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady who is sister to Mr. Foley's partner, and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this post, to beg he will seek you at Mr. E——'s; and in case a cartel ship does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care.—He was infinitely friendly in the same office last year to the lady who now writes to him, and nursed her on ship-board, and defended her by land with great good will.——Do not say I forget you, or whatever can be conducive to your ease of mind in this journey—I wish I was with you to do these offices myself, and to strew roses on your way——but I shall have time and occasion to show you I am not wanting—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your spirits—trust in God—in me——and in yourselves—with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all these difficulties ten times told. Write instantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a help-mate to you—you say she grows like me—let her show me she does so in her contempt of small dangers, and fighting against the apprehensions of them, which is better still. As I

will not have F's share of the books, you will inform him so——Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to those true friends which envy has spared me——and for the rest, *laissez passer*——You will find I speak French tolerably——but I only wish to be understood.—You will soon speak better; a month's play with a French Demoiselle will make Lyd chatter it like a magpye. Mrs. —— understood not a word of it when she got here, and writes me word she begins to prate apace——you will do the same in a fortnight—Dear Bess, I have a thousand wishes, but have a hope for every one of them—You shall chant the same *jubilate*, my dears, so God bless you! My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

Memorandum: Bring watch-chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery book, &c.

You will smile at this last article———so adieu ——At Dover, the Cross Keys; at Calais, at the Lyon d'Argent—the master a Turk in grain.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO LADY D.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris——Indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises———the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little amongst them will be agreeable.———I splutter French so as to be understood—But I have had a

droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, *Shandyan-like*, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him——Before I got half way the poor animal dropped down dead—so I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my story in French ; which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely, *his master*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu-like), and that he had neither had corn or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse —But I might as well have whistled as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabullero—being not understood because of its purity. But by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing by the way in France——My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizzled.—I wish she may ever remain a child of nature —I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyship well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Thoulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity,

Your ladyship's

Most faithful,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. E.

Paris, July 12, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

MY wife and daughter arrived here safe and sound on Thursday, and are in high raptures

with the speed and pleasantness of their journey and particularly at all they see and meet with here. But in the journey from York to Paris, nothing has given them a more sensible and lasting pleasure, than the marks of kindness they received from you and Mrs. E——The friendship, good will, and politeness of my two friends I never doubted to me or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken however the liberty of sending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. must do me the honor to wear for my wife's sake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the Consul of Algiers, who sets off tomorrow morning for London, has been so kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had but just time to procure it: And had we missed that opportunity, as we should have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend.——I wish it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here, (intelligence included) you have a right to command me—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

TO T. H. S. ESQ.

Thoulouse, Aug. 12, 1762.

MY DEAR H.

BY the time you have got to the end of this long letter, you will perceive that I have not been able to answer your last 'till now——I have had the intention of doing it almost as often as my prayers

in my head——it is thus we use our best friends ——What an infamous story is that you have told me !—After some little remarks on it, the rest of my letter will go on like silk—**** is a good-natured old easy fool, and has been deceived by the most artful of her sex, and she must have abundance of impudence and charlatanery to have carried on such a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for so much money——a man of sense I should have laughed at—my wife saw her when in town, and she had not the appearance of poverty ; but when she wants to melt ***'s heart she puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.——But he might have been aware of her. I could not have been mistaken in her character———and it is odd she should talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverse——so good night to her.—About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the same accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a vessel in my lungs. It happened in the night, and I bled the bed full ; and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms—This saved me, and with laying speechless three days, I recovered upon my back in bed : The breach healed, and in a week after, I got out— This with my weakness and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haste to Thoulouse.—We had four months of such heats that the oldest Frenchman never remembers the like——it was as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour——In the height of this it was our destiny (or rather destruction) to set out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to shorten, I trow, our sufferings ——Good God !—But it is over—and here I am in my own house, quite settled by M—'s aid and good natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can express or know how to pay at present ——It is in the prettiest situation in Thoulouse, with near two *acres of* garden—the house too good by half for us

——well furnished, for which I pay thirty pounds a year.—I have got a good cook——my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais*—The Abbe has planned our expenses, and set us in such a train, we cannot easily go wrong———though by the bye, the D——— is seldom found sleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris———I took care to see all executed according to your directions——but Trotter, I dare say, by this has wrote to you——I made him happy beyond expression with your "Crazy Tales," and more so with its frontispiece.——I am in spirits, writing a crazy chapter——with my face turned towards thy turret.——'Tis now I wish all warmer climates, countries and every thing else at ——that separates me from our paternal seat——— *ce sera la ou reposera ma cendre—et ce sera la ou mon cousin viendra repondre les fleurs dues a notre amitie.*—I am taking asses milk three times a day, and cows milk as often—I long to see thy face again once more—Greet the col. kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to madame and mademoiselle Shandy at York, who send all due acknowledgments. The humor is over for France and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate cousin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out, I trow) but thank heaven the post brings me a letter from my Anthony — I felicitate you upon what Messrs. the Reviewers allow you——they have too much judgment themselves not to allow you what you are actually possessed of, "talents, wit, and humor."—Well, write on, my dear cousin, and be guided by thy own fancy. ——Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I could like to spend a month with you—and should return back again for the vintage. I honor the man that has given the world an idea of our parental seat—It is *well* done—I look at it ten times a day

quando te aspiciam ?——Now farewell—Re-:r me to my beloved colonel.—Greet Panty ovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C—— and C—— &c. are at G.—— greet them likewise holy kiss—so God bless you.

LETTER XXXI.

TO LADY ——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place—tho' your congratulations come somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time.—I hope I have been of some service to his lordship, and he has sufficiently requitted me.—It is seventy guineas a yea in my pocket, tho' worth a hundred——but it obl ges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton a Stillington.——It is within a mile of his lordshi seat and park——It is a very agreeable ride out the chaise I purchased for my wife——Lyd ha poney, which she delights in.——Whilst they t these diversions, I am scribbling away at my T tram. These two volumes are, I think, the be I shall write as long as I live ; it is, in fact my by-horse : And so much am I delighted wit uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I ar come an enthusiast.——My Lydia helps to for me———and my wife knits and listens as her chapters.———The coronation of his (whom God preserve !) has cost me the valu ox, which is to be roasted whole in the mi *the town, and* my parishioners will, I suppos

ry merry upon the occasion.—You will then be in town—and feast your eyes with a sight, which it is to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to see again——for in point of age we have about twenty years the start of his majesty.———And now, my dear friend, I must finish this——and with every wish for your happiness conclude myself your most sincere well wisher and friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MR. F——, AT PARIS.

Thoulouse, August 14, 1762.

MY DEAR F.

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digressions) to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Thoulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years.——In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it——I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unswept-out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at.——Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we should brake a hind-wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility

of getting any——To mend the matter, my two postillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a-crying——Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives—and then make each of you take a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves——Our luggage weighed ten quintals——'Twas the fair of Beaucaire——all the world was going or returning—We were asked by every soul who pass'd by us, if we were going to the fair of Beaucaire——No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *Vous avez raison, mes amis* ——

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend——and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnish'd, and elegant beyond any thing I look'd for—'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards town—and behind, the best gardens in Thoulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent——"the more the merrier."—The house consists of a good *salle a manger* above stairs joining to the very great *salle a compagnie*, as large as the Baron D'Holbach's; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing-rooms to them—below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company.—I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from one to the other—My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order——And what do you think I am to pay for all this? Neither more or less than thirty pounds a year—All things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very little.—*I dined* yesterday with Mr. H——He is most

pleasantly situated, and they are all well——As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them —I will write to him about it.—I wish you was with me for two months ; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily——But this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason ; for

I am most truly yours,
L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—— My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER. XXXIII.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

Thoulouse, Oct. 19, 1762.

MY DEAR H.

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday——so it has been travelling from Crazy-Castle to Thoulouse full eighteen days——If I had nothing to stop me, I would engage to set out this morning, and knock at Crazy-Castle gates in three days less time—— by which time I should find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c. all alone———the season I most wish and like to be with you——I rejoice from my heart down to my reins, that you have snatch'd so many happy and sunshiny days out of the hands of the blue devils——If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give these gentry a drubbing— and turn them for ever out of their usurped citadel —*Some legions* of them have been put to flight

already by your operations this last campaign—and I hope to have a hand in dispersing the remainder the first time my dear cousin sets up his banners again under the square tower——But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers?——"*I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart,*" and that thou lovest the sweet visions of architraves, friezes and pediments, with their tympanums; and thou hast found out a pretnce, *a raison de cinq cent livres sterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the Ð—— as a bait) to justify thyself unto thyself—It may be very wise to do this——but 'tis wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without, and rumors of wars within.——St. —— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat—— and go rather without shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with—Now those *quatre ans consecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels of thy *life to come* (in this world), and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and, debts; for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance———But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have some time supposed it, on account of your generosity "*that you are never to be a monied man,*" the decree will be fulfilled, whether you adorn your castle and line it with cedar, and paint it within side and without side with vermillion or not——*Et cela etant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishments of all thy lunary and sublunary projects.—For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many stories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever, which killed hundreds about me—The physicians here are the arrantest charla-

tans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature—She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favor and in my own, that one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death. I am now as stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be—and am busy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, who I have got soused over head and ears in love.——I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on, I trust, as I wish in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse, I cannot see I have any thing more to do with it; therefore, after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I shall return from whence I came——Now my wife wants to stay another year to save money, and this opposition of wishes, tho' it will not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar-candy.—I wish T— would lead sir Charles to Toulouse; 'tis as good as any town in the south of France——for my own part, 'tis not to my taste——but I believe, the ground-work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal placitude of the French character—little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cause—for they are very civil—but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death—If I do not mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious——Miss Shandy is hard at it with music, dancing, and French speaking, in the last of which she does *a merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean Mountains.——If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres; but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expenses——which wicked propensity (tho' not of despotic power) yet I cannot suffer—tho' by the bye, laudable enough——But she may talk—I will

do my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject,—Who can say so much in praise of his wife? Few I trow.—M— is out of town vintaging—so write to me, *Monsieur Sterne, gentilhomme Anglois*——'twill find me.—We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope——so write a long nonsensical letter like this now and then to me—in which say nothing but what may be shown, (tho' I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen,others might not)for you must know a letter no sooner arrives from England, but Curiosity is upon her knees to know the contents.—Adieu, dear H. and believe me,

Your affectionate
L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days—which has obliged us to sit with whole *fagelles* of wood lighted up to our noses——'Tis a dear article.——But every thing else being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house with *soupe, boulli, roti*——&c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1762.

MY DEAR F.

I HAVE had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner——and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favor—— In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love——Thank you for having done what

I desired you———and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's—I receive all letters through him more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house.

H——'s family greet you with mine——we are much together, and never forget you—Forget me not to the Baron—and all the circle—nor to your domestic circle——

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world——for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers——so God help them.—I shall hear from you in a post or two at least after you receive this—in the mean time, dear F——, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, December 17, 1762.

MY DEAR F.

THE post after I wrote last, I received yours with the inclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks——I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound——so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint——We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night——fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you—there are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in making dresses,and preparing some of our best comedies——Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends, with the rest of our society, to whom I

proposed this scheme *soulagemens*——and I assure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play the Busy Body—and the journey to London the week after; but I have some thoughts of adapting it to our situation——and making it the journey to Toulouse, which, with the change of half a dozen scenes, may be easily done.——Thus my dear F. for want of something better, we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.——My kind love and friendship to all my true friends—My service to the rest. H——'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us——they will be with me all the holidays.——In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities.

Adieu,

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR F. *Toulouse, Dec.* 4, 1762.

I HAVE for this last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. B——— and sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you, with the remittance I desired you to send me here.——— When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket—and a thousand miles from home—and in a country where he can as soon raise the d—l as a six livres piece to go to market with,in case he has changed his last guinea—you will not envy my situation——God bless you—remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.———We are all at H——'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas Holidays—all the Dramatis Personæ are of the English, of which we have a happy society

living together like brothers and sisters——Your banker here has just sent me word the tea Mr. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands—'tis all one into whose hands the treasure falls——we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it—We join our most friendly respects; and believe me, dear F—, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, March 29, 1763.

DEAR F.

——THOUGH that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week——"How does Tristram do?" you say in yours to him—Faith but so so—the worst of human maladies is poverty—tho' that is a second lie —for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand per cent.—I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d—l.——I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent—You will make an excellent *grille P*—— they can make nothing of but *bouillon*.——I mean my other two friends no ill—so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity—not choice—My kind respects to Baron d'Holback and all his household——Say all that's kind for me to my other friends——You know how much, dear F. I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of Coxcombs——My wife's compliments.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, April 18, 1763.

DEAR F——.

I THANK you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post.—I was not surprised much with your account of lord ***** being obliged to give way——and for the rest, all follows in course.——I suppose you will endeavor to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters——at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself——which is wishing enough for you—all the rest is in the brain——Mr. Woodhouse (who you know) is also here——he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure of having him much with me——in a short time he proceeds to Italy.—The first week in June I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth—Mrs. M— sets out at the same time for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Courtray———from whence to Italy——This is the general plan of operation here———except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water——and in April of returning by way of Paris home——But this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances—so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday.——On all the days of the week believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P. S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR F.

LAST post my agent wrote me word he would send up from York a bill for fourscore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he said he would expedite immediately, so 'tis possible you may have had advice of it ——and 'tis possible also the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore as I set out for Bagnieres in that time, be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a rescription for the money, or a draught for it——at the receipt of which we shall decamp for ten or twelve weeks———You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which send also—So much for that———As for pleasure——you have it amongst you at Paris———we have nothing here which deserves the name—I shall scarce be tempted to sojourn another winter at Toulouse——for I cannot say it suits my health, as I hoped—'tis too moist—and I cannot keep clear of agues here——— so that if I stay the next winter on this side of the water——'twill be either at Nice or Florence—and I shall return to England in April———Wherever I am, believe me, dear F——, that I am

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiselle present their best compliments———remember me to all I regard, particularly Messrs. P———d, and the rest of your *household*.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *Toulouse, May* 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty three weeks ago to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in a fortnight.—It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres ;—and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things packed up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have trusted to my honor—that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not*.—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London——But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner ; for Mr. R—— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum.

I am, dear F——, your friend
and hearty well-wisher,
L. STERNE.

I saw the family of the H—— yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living—— They said yea—for they had just received a letter from you.—After all I heartily forgive you——for

you have done me a signal service in mortifying me; and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness ——All compliments to———Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, June 9, 1765.

MY DEAR F——,

I THIS moment received yours—consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it—So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart I knew you could not without cause, which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:—I was the best friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, "that he was oppressed with a multitude of business." Go on my dear F. and have but that excuse, (so much do I regard your interest) that I would be content to suffer a *real evil* without future murmuring—But in truth my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me—But which out of a nicety of temper I would not make use of——I set out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters.——Dear F——, adieu.——Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, June 12, 1763.

DEAR F——,

LUCKILY, just before I was stepping into my chaise for Bagnieres, has a strayed fifty-pound bill found its way to me: So I have sent it to its lawful owner inclosed——My noodle of an agent, instead of getting Mr. Selwin to advise you he had received the money (which would have been enough) has got a bill for it, and sent it rambling to the farthest part of France after me; and if it had not caught me just now, it might have followed me into Spain, for I shall cross the Pyrenees, and spend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon——When I write the history of my travels——Memorandum! I am not to forget how honest a man I have for a banker at Paris.——But, my dear friend, when you say you dare trust me for what little occasions I may have, you have as much faith as honesty——and more of both than of good policy.——I thank you however ten thousand times——and except such liberty as I have lately taken with you—and that too at a pinch ——I say beyond that I will not trespass upon your good nature or friendliness to serve me——God bless you, dear F——

I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

Montpellier, Oct. 5, 1763.

DEAR F——,

I AM ashamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now for your friendly act of civility in ordering Brousse, your correspondent at Toulouse, in case I should have occasion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres——which, as I knew the offer came from your heart, I made no difficulty of accepting, in my way thro' Toulouse to Marseilles, where we have been; but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouse has given me a surfeit) we have returned here, where we shall reside the winter——My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me——and when winter is over, to return to Toulouse, or go to Montauban, where they will stay till they return, or I fetch them——For myself, I shall set out in February for England, where my heart has been fled these six months——but I shall stay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; tho' I verily believe, if it was not for the pleasure of seeing and chattering with you, I should pass on directly to Brussels, and so on to Rotterdam, for the sake of seeing Holland, and embark from thence to London—But I must stay a little with those I love, and have so many reasons to regard——you cannot place too much of this to your own score.——I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago——but I must like the subject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind.——Pray what English have you at Paris? Where is my young friend Mr. F——? We hear

of three or four English families coming to us here ——If I can be serviceable to any you would serve, you have but to write.—Mr. H—— has sent my friend W——'s picture—You have seen the original, or I would send it you——I believe I shall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come in *propria persona*——till when, God bless you, my dear friend, and believe me

Most faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Montpellier, January 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you—The last is a periodical habit——the first is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember——however, from both motives together, I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line——be it only to tell me how your watch goes—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well.—You are going to have them all to yourself (I hear,) and that Mr. S—— is true to his first intention of leaving business——I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long-wished-for retreat of tranquillity and silence—When you have got to your fire-side, and into your arm-chair (and, by the bye, have another to spare for a friend) and are so much a sovereign

as to sit in your furr'd cap (if you like it though I should not, for a man's ideas are at least the cleaner for being dress'd decently) why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you—— and in a very unghost like fashion help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

January 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health should be concluded in the greatest weakness——I wish the vulgar high and low do not say it was a judgment upon me for taking all this liberty with *ghosts*—— Be it as it may, I took a ride when the first part of this was wrote towards Perenas——and returned home in a shivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast, and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixotte's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him—— This, quoth I, is inhuman——No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home—so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas needless——as his face was turn'd towards Montpellier he began to trot,—But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed——I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly——but unless the spirit of prophecy deceives me——I shall not die but live—In the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily but *as innocently* as we can——It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishoprick to me—and *I desire no other* —Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours,

L. STERNE.

Please to give the inclosed to Mr. T—— and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good will.*

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

Montpellier, January 20.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HEARING by lord R. who is passing thro' here in his way to Madrid has given me a call, that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris——I have inclosed a letter to him, which you will present in course or direct to him.—I suppose you are full of English——but in short we are as if in another world, where unless some stray'd soul arrives we know nothing of what is going on in yours.—Lord G—r I suppose is gone from Paris,or I had wrote also to him. I know you are as busy as a bee, and have few moments to yourself——nevertheless bestow one of them on an old friend, and write me a line—and if Mr. F. is too idle and has aught to say to me, pray write a second line for him.——We had a letter from Miss P—— this week, who it seems has decamp'd for ever from Paris——*All is for the best* ——which is my general reflection upon many things in this world.—Well! I shall shortly come and shake you by the hand in St. Sauveur—if still you are there—My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnieres——I on the contrary go and visit my wife the church in Yorkshire.—We all live the longer—at least the happier for it—for having things our own way.—This is my conjugal maxim—I own 'tis not the best of maxims—but I maintain it is not the worst.

Adieu, dear F——, and believe me
Yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XLVI.

TO MRS. F——.

Montpellier, February 1, 1764.

I AM preparing my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it——That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend Yorick.———I have been dangerously ill and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me—and so many physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month—if you stay any longer here, sir, it will be fatal to you—and why, good people were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner ?——— After having discharged them, I told Mrs. S. that I should set out for England very soon ; but as she chuses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.——The states of Languedoc are met—— 'tis a fine raree-show, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears and puppet-shows—I believe I shall step into my post chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights, than a Frenchman would to fly to them—and except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits, and every step I take that brings me nearer England will I think help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends ! Few do I value more than yourself.— My wife chuses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truly passive.—If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfill your commission——and so adieu—Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichissants*——'tis a cock flea'd alive and boiled with poppy-seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve—There is to be one craw-fish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one—a female will do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MISS S——.

Paris, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA,

BY this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquiesced in your staying in France—Likewise it was your mother's wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most insinuating—nay, I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (tho' you could never be made to believe it) pray waste not your time about it.——Remember to write me as to a friend—in short whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues,

and she chuses to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart.—I have preached at the ambassador's chapel—Hezekiah———(an odd subject, your mother will say)—There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too—I shall leave Paris in a few days—I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T——they are good and generous souls——tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia. Kiss your mother for me, and believe me

Your affectionate
L. STERNE.

LETTER. XLVIII.

York, Aug. 6, 1764.

MY DEAR F——,

THERE is a young lady with whom I have sent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy—her name is Miss Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom——If you be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good-nature and politeness I am sure need no spur from me to do it. I was sorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilst in London, for we were never able to be both resident together the month I continued in and about the environs.——If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly see me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon every thing in this world to health and to my friends——for the last sermon that I shall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris———so I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I sent last post

twenty pounds to Mrs. S. which makes a hundred pounds remitted since I got here———You must pay yourself what I owe you out of it———and place the rest to account——Betwixt this and Lady day next, Mrs. S. will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis—but not more—(I think) I having left her a hundred in her pocket——But you shall always have money beforehand of mine——and she purposes to spend no further than five thousand livres in the year——but twenty pounds this way or that, makes no difference between us——Give my kindest compliments to Mr. P——. I have a thousand things to say to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear.—The Messrs. T——, H——, &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, send their services—Mine to all friends—Yours, dear F. most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

September 4, 1764.

NOW, my dear, dear Anthony———I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing——but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in his house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair——therefore as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days——and from pride and naughtiness of heart to go see what is doing at Scarborough——stedfastly mean-

ing afterwards to lead a new life and strengthen my faith.——Now some folks say there is much company there——and some say not——and I believe there is neither the one or the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so.—No, my dear H—, I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post—As there are critical times or rather turns and revolutions in *** humors, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you——and as often wish'd you at the d—l—After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever.—

I send all kind compliments to sir C—— D— and G——s.—I love them from my soul——if G—t is with you, him also,—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my uncle Toby's amors—There is no fitting and cudgelling one's brains whilst the sun shines bright——'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes six ton of allum a week, may do any thing—Lord G—y is to be there——what a temptation!

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER L.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

York, September 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM but this moment return'd from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever since the races, and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it,

by playing the good fellow with lord G—y and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I suppose you are decamp'd——otherwise as idle a beast as I have been, I would have sacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly set.——I have done nothing good that I know of, since I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither—I must try now and do better—Go on and prosper for a month.

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

York, Nov. 11, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SENT ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this post one of sixty—— When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what shall always keep you in bank for Mrs. S——; in the mean time I have desired Becket to send you fourscore pounds, and if my wife before I get to London should have occasion for fifty louis let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or fortnight I know will break no squares with a good and worthy friend, I will contrive to send you these two volumes of Tristram, as soon as ever I get them from the press.——You will read as odd a tour thro' France as ever was projected or executed by traveller or travel-writers since the world began.——'Tis a laughing good-temper'd satire against travelling (as *puppies* travel.)——Panchaud will enjoy it,———I am quite civil to your Parisians—*et pour cause* you know—'tis likely I may

see them in spring——Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If so, I would write to mademoiselle N—— to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could—with a view to do her service here—and I would remit her the price—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if she executes it with the spirit of the original in your hands—for it will be seen by many—and as my phiz is as remarkable as myself, if she preserves the true character of both, it will do her honor and service too. Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy—Will you present my kind respects to the worthy Baron?——I shall send him one of the best impressions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's—— another to Monsieur P—— My love to Mr. S——n and P—d,

I am most truly yours
L. STERNE.

LETTER. LII.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

Nov. 13, 1764.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

'TIS a church militant week with me, full of marches, and counter-marches—and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to inclose——otherwise I would have obey'd your summons—And yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having receiv'd a letter from C—, who has been very ill; and is coming down to stay a week or ten days with me—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from *his soul* for a sight of you in your own *castle*——*I* cannot do otherwise than bring him

with me——nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty house to pay a visit to from London, as he comes half express to see me.——I thank you for the care of my northern vintage——I fear after all I must give it a fermentation on the other side of the Alps, which is better than being on the lees with it —but *nous verrons*——yet I fear as it has got such hold of my brain, and comes upon it like an armed man at nights——I must give way for quietness sake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long——I have been *Miss ridden* this last week by a couple of romping girls *(bien mises et comme il faut)* who might as well have been in the house with me (tho' perhaps not my retreat here is too quiet for them) ; but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.——These things accord not well with sermon making——but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho says, and that is all that can be made of it.——I trust all goes swimmingly on with your allum ; that the works amuse you, and call you twice out (at least) a day——I shall see them I trust in ten days or thereabout——if it was any way possible, I would set out this moment, tho' I have no cavalry *(except a she ass.)* Give all friendly respects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H——'s, and the garrison both of Guisbro' and Skelton.——I am, dear Anthony, affectionately

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIII.

TO MR. F. AT P.

York, November 16, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THREE posts before I had the favor of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to set Mrs. S. right in her mistake—that you had any money of mine in your hands—being very sensible that the hundred pounds I had sent you thro' Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you—The reason of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would send you a bill in a post or two for fifty pounds——which, my finances falling short just then, I defer'd——so that I had paid nothing to any one——but was however come to York this day, and I have sent you a draught for a hundred pounds——In honest truth, a fortnight ago I had not the cash——but I am as honest as the king (as Sancho Panca says), *only not so rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. S. should want thirty louis more, let her have them——and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honor at Christmas, when I shall be in London, having now just finish'd my two volumes of Tristram.—I have some thoughts of going to Italy this year—at least I shall not defer it above another.—I have been with lord Granby, and with lord Shelburne, but am now sat down till December in my sweet retirement—I wish you was sat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares. —In a few years, my dear F. I hope to see you a real country gentleman, tho' not altogether exiled from your friends in London——There I shall spend every winter of my life in the same lap of contentment where I enjoy myself now—and wherever I go —We must bring three parts in four of the treat

along with us—in short, we must be happy withi —and then few things without us make much di ference—This is my Shandyan philosophy.——Yo will read a comic account of my journey from Cala thro' Paris to the Garonne in these volumes—m friends tell me they are done with spirit——it mu speak for itself——Give my kind respects to M Selwin and my friend Panchaud—When you se Baron d'Holbach, present him my respects, and b lieve me, dear F.

Yours cordially,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LIV.

TO D. G. ESQ.

London, March 16, 1765.

DEAR G.

I THREATENED you with a letter in one wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to m shame be it spoken) I lead such a life of dissipatio that I have never had a moment to myself whic has not been broke in upon by one engagement impertinence or another——and as plots thicke towards the latter end of a piece, I find unless I tal pen and ink just now, I shall not be able to do it t either I am got into the country, or you to the cit You are teazed and tormented too much by yo correspondent to return to us, and with accoun how much your friends and how much your theat wants you——so that I will not magnify either o loss or yours——but hope cordially to see you soc —Since I wrote last I have frequently stept ir your house—that is, as frequently as I could ta the whole party, where I dined, along with me

This was but justice to you, as I walk'd in as a wit —but with regard to myself, I balanced the account thus—I am sometimes in my friend —'s house, but he is always in Tristram Shandy's——where my friends say he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality), even when he himself is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here—Shandy sells well——I am taxing the public with two more volumes of sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy——It goes into the world with a prancing list of *de tout la noblesse* ——which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy——so that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penser* has ever impress'd on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: But I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash—I set out to lay a portion of it to the service of the world, in a tour round Italy, where, I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice—In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and so saunter phylosophically for a year or so on the other side the Alps. I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. G. and yourself back *a la fleur de jeunesse*——May you both long feel the sweets of it, and your friends with you——Do, dear friend, make my kindest wishes and compliments acceptable to the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve——You shall ever believe and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LV.

TO D. G. ESQ.

Bath, April 6, 1765

I SCALP you!——my dear G—! my dear frie
Foul befal the man who hurts a hair of y
head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment,
my letter had not been put into the post-office
minutes before my heart smote me: And I sen
recal it——but failed——You are sadly to bla
Shandy, for this, quoth I, leaning with my heac
my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delic
in the affair——G——'s nerves (if he has any
are as fine and delicately spun as thy own——
sentiments as honest and friendly——Thou knov
Shandy, that he loves thee——why wilt thou
zard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxco
jack-ass, &c. &c.——and so I balanced the acco
to your favor, before I received it drawn up in y
way——I say *your way*——for it is not stated
much to your honor and credit, as I had passed
account before——for it was a most lamented tr
that I never received one of the letters your frie
ship meant me, except whilst in Paris.——O! I
I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has
continues to be under for your return——Retu
return to the few who love you, and the thousa
who admire you.——The moment you set y
foot upon your stage——mark! I tell it you—
by some magic, irresistible power, every fi
about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as str
and feelingly as ever——Nature with glory at
back, will light up the torch within you——
there is enough of it left to heat and enlighten
world these many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my s

that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor——Full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her———but you may worship with me, or not——'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion——still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

P—— ! good Heaven ! give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are those who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking——Come——come away my dear G——, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu !———I love you dearly———and your lady better———not hobbihorsically——but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours, (that is, if you never say another word about —) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI.

Bath, April 15, 1765.

MY DEAR F.

MY wife tells me she has drawn one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you should be paid it that minute——the money is now in Becket's hands——send me, my dear F— my account, that I may discharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands.—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the literati—my two volumes of Tristram and two of sermons, which I shall print very soon, will bring me a considerable sum.——Almost all the nobility in England honor me with their names, and 'tis thought

it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book since subscriptions came into fashion——Pray present my most sincere compliments to lady H—, whose name I hope to insert with many others.—As so many men of genius favor me with their names also, I will quarrel with Mr. H—e, and call him deist, and what not, unless I have his name too. My love to lord W——— Your name, F. I have put in as a free-will offering of my labors——your list of subscribers you will send——'Tis but a crown for sixteen sermons, Dog cheap! but I am in quest of honor, not money. Adieu, adieu!——believe me, dear F,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amors with the widow Wadman, but my sermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood—The spirit of it *pleaseth me*—but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you (at least) of the spleen, which has a bad effect upon both man and woman——I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonises the soul—and in those cases I first endeavor to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—"*L'amour*" (say they) "*n'est rien sans sentiment.*" Now notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea an-

nexed to it—And so much for that same subject called love—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter.—Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—By the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*. My answer was, " Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage.—My calculation is as follows :—She is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds"——I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is, a flat refusal.——I have had a parsonage-house burnt down by the carelessness of the curate's wife—as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at present —yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket—for when I have I can never call it my own.—Adieu, my dear friend—May you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Colonel.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

York, July 13, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WROTE some time in spring, to beg you would favor me with my account. I believe you was set out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him—which possibly he gave you. In the hurry of your business you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town (tho' I called once) I could not get to see you. I decamp for Italy in September, and shall see your face at Paris, you may be sure——but I shall see it with more pleasure when I am out of debt——which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpose.—Do send Mrs. Sterne her two last volumes of Tristram; they arrived with yours in spring, and she complains she has not got them.—My best services to Mr. Panchaud.——I am busy composing two volumes of sermons—they will be printed in September, tho' I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongst the list of a few of my honorary subscribers——who subscribe for love.—If you see Baron d'Holbach and Diderot, present my respects to them——If the Baron wants my English books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me—Adieu.

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIX.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, Dec. 20, 1765.

THANKS, my dear W. for your letter——I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town——I have drained my ink standish to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps—I find I must once more fly from Death whilst I have strength——I shall go to Naples, and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights——As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself——and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion) I am sure it would be unpleasurable——Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.—I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return——so shall be back by the King's birthday——What a project!—and now my dear friend am I going to York, not for the sake of society——nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road.——If the amour of my uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken——and so with a droll story I will finish this letter.——A sensible friend of mine, with whom not long ago I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)——The latter asked him how he did? Why ill, very ill. I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attic salt* that I am in a fever——Attic salt, sir, Attic

salt! I have Glauber salt, I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c. Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt! I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine; he cares not what he takes himself.—I fancy I see you smile———I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there——and enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the rest of the joyous set——As to the females——no, I will not say a word about them——only I hate borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu——I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

LETTER LX.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

London, October 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a periwig to a man's head! in seven days from the date of this I shall be in that case, unless you tell your neighbor madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire une peruque a bourse, au mieux—c'est a dire —une la plus—extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille——et la plus—*

—Mais qu'importe? J'ai l'honneur d'etre grand critique——et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques——and in a word, that he gets it done in five days after notice—

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next post.——If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind love to him and respects to all others. In sad haste

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands six hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at sight, according as either Mrs. S—— or myself make it expedient.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. P. AT PARIS.

Beau Point Voisin, Nov. 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I FORGOT to desire you to forward whatever letters come to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me against I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may stay at Turin, &c. &c. At present I am held prisoner in this town by the sudden swelling of two pitiful rivulets from the snows melting on the Alps——so that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers and myself shall languish in this state of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth surely know, for it rains as if they were coming together to settle the matter.——I had an agreeable journey to Lyons—and a joyous time there, dining and supping every day at the commandant's——Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen English——If you see lord Ossory, lord William Gordon and my friend Mr. Crawford, remember me to them——If Wilkes is at Paris yet I send him all kind wishes—Present my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miss P——, and believe me, dear sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. LXII.

TO THE SAME.

Turin, November 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER many difficulties I have got here safe and sound——tho' eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy. I am stopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains ——but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen of houses already——To-morrow I am to be presented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I shall have my hands full of engagements——No English here but sir James Macdonald, who meets with much respect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and shall depart in peace together——My kind services to all—Pray forward the inclosed—

Yours most truly,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Turin, November 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I AM just leaving this place with sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c.——We have spent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honors ——and with regret do we both bid adieu——but health on my side—and good sense on his—says 'tis better to be at Rome—you say at Paris—but you put variety out of the question—I entreat you to forward the inclosed to Mrs. Sterne——My com-

pliments to all friends, more particularly to those I most value (that includes Mr. F. if he is at Paris).

I am yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Florence, Dec. 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been a month passing the plains of Lombardy——stopping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been three days in crossing a part of the Appennines covered with thick snow—Sad transition!—I stay here three days to dine with our Plenipo lords T——d and C—r, and in five days shall tread the Vatican and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon. I stay but fourteen days to pay these civilities, and then decamp for Naples. Pray send the inclosed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXV.

TO MISS STERNE.

Naples, Feb. 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GRIL,

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made be both laugh and cry—Sorry I am that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you

both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire and le Cher—which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather——therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse——'tis as vile a place for agues. I find myself infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added ten years to my life by this journey to Italy——The climate is heaveniy, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to—but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out wherever you are, in May; therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then. —The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable: I shall ever honor her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—What he said of your little French admirer was truly droll—The Marquis de —— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—— he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours—If fate reserves me not that——the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee!——If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould——your winters at York; you know my publications call me to London.—— If Mr. and Mrs. C— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet as proofs of affection from

Your fond father,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

Naples, Feb. 8, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I DESIRE Mrs. S— may have what cash she wants——if she has not received it before now: She sends me word she has been in want of cash these three weeks—be so kind as to prevent this uneasiness to her— which is doubly so to me.—I have made very little use of your letters of credit; having since I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, and as much at Rome—and a few ducats here—and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I shall draw for little more till my return—so you will have always enough to spare for my wife—The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with.—

There are a good many English here, very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy.——The air of Naples agrees very well with me——I shall return fat—— My friendship to all who honor me with theirs——Adieu, my dear friend—I am ever yours.

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVII.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

Naples, February 5, 1766.

MY DEAR H.

'TIS an age since I have heard from you—but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point

of it, I take it, as I wish it, that you have got thus much of the winter free from the damps of climate and spirits :—— And here I am, as h as a King after all, growing fat sleek, and well ing—not improving in stature, but in breadth— have a jolly carnival of it—nothing but operas punchinellos——festions and masquerades—— (that is *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is superb.—The English dine with her (exclu And so much for small chat—except that I s little comedy acted last week with more expre and spirit and true character than I shall see one tily again.—I stay here till the holy week, wh shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a n —My plan was to have gone from thence for a night to Florence—and then by Leghorn to scilles directly home——but I am diverted this by the repeated proposals of accompany gentleman who is returning by Venice, Vi Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spa, and thence Holland, to England—'Tis with Mr. E—I known him these three years, and have been him ever since I reach'd Rome ; and as I knew to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I ha doubt of making it answer both his views and —at least I am persuaded we shall return hom gether, as we set out, with friendship and good ——Write your next letter to me at Rome, a me the following favor if it lies in your way wh think it does——to get me a letter of recomm tion to our Ambassador (lord Stormont) at Vi I have not the honor to be known to his lordshi lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better k would write a certificate for me, importing that not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cos cousin little trouble, do inclose it in your next to me at Belloni's——You have left Skelton I a month, and I fear have had a most sharp wint one may judge of it from the severity of the we

here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known till within these three weeks here, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it. Give my kind services to my friends——especially to the household of faith——my dear Garland—to Gilbert——to the worthy Colonel——to Cardinal S—to my fellow-laborer Pantagruel——Dear cousin Anthony, receive my kindest love and wishes.

Yours affectionately,
L. STERNE.

P. S. Upon second thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. banker at Venice.

LETTER. LXVIII.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

Naples, Feb. 14, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE last week to you, to desire you would let Mrs. S—— have what money she wanted—It may happen, as that letter went inclosed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this first——I have made little use of your letters of credit, as you will see by that letter, nor shall I want much(if any) till you see me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman—however, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spa, I should be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon some one at Venice to the extent of fifty louis——but I am persuaded I shall not want half of them——however, in case of sickness or accidents, one would not go so long a route without money in one's pocket.——The bankers here are not so conscientious as my friend P. they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a letter here. I beg your letters, &c. may be inclosed to Mr. Watson at Venice—where

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we shall be in the Ascension——I have received much benefit from the air of Naples—but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week.—There are about five and twenty English here——but most of them will be decamp'd in two months—There are scarce a third of the number at Rome—I suppose therefore that Paris is full—My warmest wishes attend you——With my love to Mr. F. and compliments to all, I am, dear sir, very faithfully,

Yours,
L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the house with me, and is just recovering a long and most cruel fit of the rheumatism.

LETTER LXIX.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

May 25, *near Dijon.*

DEAR ANTHONY,

MY desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Countess of M——, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies—Her ladyship has the best of hearts ——a valuable present not given to every one.—— To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais——— so I hope to sup with you the king's birth day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing——Never man has been such a wild-goose-chase after a wife as I have been——After having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in

Francht Conte——Poor woman! she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so——My Lydia pleases me much——I found her greatly improved in every thing I wish'd her—I am most unaccountably well, and most accountably nonsensical—'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days that I must take up again the pen——In faith, I think I shall die with it in my hand; but I shall live these ten years, my Anthony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account.—This is a delicious part of the world! most celestial weather! and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass—and that is the whole of it; except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here.—Surely you will not have decamp'd to Crazy Castle before I reach town——The summer here is set in in good earnest——'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire——I hope to hear a good tale of your allum works.—Have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you—and all your undertakings.—I am, my dear cousin,

Most affectionately yours,
L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Colonel, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER LXX.

TO MR. P. AT PARIS.

York, June 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE last week to Mr. Becket to discharge the balance due to you——and I have receiv'd a letter from him telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and sixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order——so send the drafts when you please——Mrs. S. writes me word, she wants fifty pounds—which I desire you will let her have——I will take care to remit it to your correspondent——I have such an entire confidence in my wife, that she spends as little as she can, though she is confined to no particular sum ——Her expenses will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unless by ill health, or a journey—and I am very willing she should have it——and you may rely, in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand shall be punctually paid ——and with proper thanks ; and for this the whole Shandyan family are ready to stand security.—— 'Tis impossible to tell you how sorry I was that my affairs hurried me so quick through Paris, as to deprive me of seeing my old friend Mr. F. and of the pleasure I proposed in being made known to his better half———but I have a probability of seeing him this winter.——Adieu, dear sir, and believe me

Most cordially yours
L. STERNE.

P. S. Mrs. S—— is going to Chalons, but your letter will find her I believe at Avignon—she is very poorly—and my daughter writes to me with grief *of heart* that she is worse.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. S.

Coxwould, July 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

ONE might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us——We make appointments to meet, and for these two years have not seen each other's face but twice—We must try and do better for the future——Having sought you with more zeal than C—— sought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me purchase for you at Paris—I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York—but as I shall neither charge you the books nor the carriage—'tis not worth talking about——Never man, my dear sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick—and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume of Tristram——I shall publish but one this year, and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finish'd, I shall continue Tristram with fresh spirit.—What a difference of scene here! But with a disposition to be happy, 'tis neither this place nor t'other that renders us the reverse.—In short, each man's happiness depends upon himself——he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me some account of your pleasures——You had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will show or give you (if needful) a practical dose of my philosophy; but I hope you do not want it——if you did, 'twould be the office of a friend to give it—Will not even our races tempt you? You see I use all arguments —Believe me yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXII.

TO MR. P. AT PARIS.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF Mrs. S—— should draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be so kind as to remit her the money —and pray be so good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he ows me nothing), but favor me with the draft, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin.—A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for six weeks, about Christmas, to the Faux-bourg de St. Germain——I should like much to be with you for so long——and if my wife should grow worse (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's last) I cannot think of her being without me——and however expensive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to administer consolation to both her and my poor girl. Wherever I am, believe me,

Dear sir, yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. F——: Tho' I have not the honor of knowing his rib I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents——with my friendliest wishes to Miss P——.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS,

Coxwould, Oct. 25, 1766.

MY DEAR F——,

I DESIRED you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. S— fifty louis, a month ago—I dare say you have done it——but her illness must have cost her a good deal, therefore having paid the last fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more———for which I send a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this post—But surely had I not done so, you would not stick at it———for be assured my dear F. that the first lord of the treasury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half so punctual) in repaying with honor all I ever can be in your books.——My daughter says her mother is very ill—and I fear going fast down by all accounts——'tis melancholy in her situation to want any aid that is in my power to give —Do write to her——and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

York, Nov. 25, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

I JUST received yours——and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you——Thus far all goes well——I have received a letter from

my daughter with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger——and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds): But the description of the Chateau my wife has hired is really pretty——on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse——with seven rooms on a floor, half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game; so many partridges a week, &c. and the price——guess! sixteen guineas a year—there's for you, P.——About the latter end of next month my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas——and pray be so good, my dear sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed——she is going to spend the Carnival at Marseilles at Christmas——I shall be in London by Christmas week, and then shall balance this remittance to Mrs. S. with Mr. S.—I am going to lie in of another child of the Shandaic procreation, in town—I hope you wish me a safe delivery—I fear my friend Mr. F. will have left town before I get there—Adieu, dear sir—I wish you every thing in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth

Yours,
L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron d'Holbach—Miss P. &c. &c.

LETTER LXXV.

TO MR. P. AT PARIS.

London, February 13, 1767.

DEAR P.

I PAID yesterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin——but you must remit to Mrs. S. at Marseilles

a hundred louis before she leaves that place which will be in less than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy?—'Tis liked the best of all here. I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy——The undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse, 'tis subscribed for at a great rate—'twill be an original—in large quarto—the subscription half a guinea —If you can procure me the honor of a few names of men of science, or fashion, I shall thank you—They will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honored me with their names. My kindest remembrance to Mr. F——, respects to Baron D'Holbach, and believe me ever, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Old Bond-Street, Feb. 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia, thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue——and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts——I envy you the sweet situation.—Petrarch's tomb I shall like to pay a sentimental visit to—the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful——I am also much pleased with the account you give me of the Abbe de Sade ——you find great comfort in such a neighbor——I am glad he is so good as to correct the translation of my Sermons—dear girl, go on, and make me a present of thy work——But why not the House of Mourning? 'tis one of the best.—I long to receive the life of Petrarch and his Laura by your Abbe—but I am out of all patience with the answer the

Marquis made the Abbe——'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any christian patience.—— But to the subject of your letter——I do not wish to know who was the busy fool who made your mother uneasy about Mrs. —— 'Tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to discern her's and every woman's faults. I honor thy mother for her answer —" that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject."——Why do you say that your mother wants money ?——Whilst I have a shilling,shall you not both have nine-pence out of it ? —I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours.——I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould——I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track.——I wish I had you with me——and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with —not Mrs. ——, but a Mrs. J. the wife of as worthy a man as ever I met with.—I esteem them both. He possesses every manly virtue—honor and bravery are his characteristics, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances—I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired——and it is well worth your reading ; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one ; he pays no man a compliment at the expense of truth.—Mrs. J—— is kind—and friendly——of a sentimental turn of mind—and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in—Just God ! if all were like her, what a life would this be !—Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings—I wish my dear child knew her——thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee ; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee.—This is a long letter—Write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones—write naturally, and then you will write well.——I hope your mother has got quite

well of her ague——I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the Bark—I will order you a guitar since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR. P——, AT PARIS.

London, Feb. 27, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,

MY daughter begs a present of me, and you must know I can deny her nothing———It must be strung with cat-gut, and of five cords——*si chiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde*——she cannot get such a thing at Marseilles——at Paris one may have every thing———Will you be so good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting some musical body to buy one, and send it her to Avignon directed to Monsieur Teste ?——I wrote last week to desire you would remit Mrs. S. a hundred louis——'twill be all, except the guitar, I shall owe you—Send me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin ——Direct to me at Mr. Becket's—All kind respects to my friend Mr. F. and your sister.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO D. G. ESQ.

Thursday, Eleven o'clock—Night.

DEAR SIR,

'TWAS for all the world like a cut across my finger with a sharp pen-knife.—I saw the blood —gave it a suck——wrapt it up——and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to :—A wound (unless 'tis a wound not worth talking of, but by the bye, mine is) must give you some pain after.—Nature will take her own way with it—it must ferment—it must digest.

The story you told me of Tristram's pretended tutor, this morning——My letter by rights should have set out with this sentence, and then the simile would not have kept you a moment in suspence.

This vile story, I say—tho' I then saw both how and where it wounded——I felt little from it at first —or, to speak more honestly(tho' it ruins my simile) I felt a great deal of pain from it, but affected an air usual on such accidents, of less feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings since the play (you astonished me in it) and have been unwrapping this self-same wound of mine, and shaking my head over it this half hour.

What the devil !———is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many schools of misapplied science in the christian world to make a *tutor* of for my Tristram ?——*Ex quovis ligno non fit.*—— Are we so run out of stock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed pudding-headed, *chaft* amongst our doctors ?——I

there no one single wight of much reading and no learning amongst the many children in my *mother's* nursery, who bid high for this charge——but I must disable my judgment by choosing a W——n ? Vengeance ! have I so little concern for the honor of my hero !——Am I a wretch so void of sense, so bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in story, that I should choose a preceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him ? O ! dear Mr. G.

Malice is ingenious——unless where the excess of it outwits itself———I have two comforts in this stroke of it ;——the first is, that this one is partly of this kind ; and secondly, that it is one of the number of those which so unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave. The report might draw blood of the author of Tristram Shandy——but could not harm such a man as the author of the Divine Legation———God bless him ! though (by the bye, and according to the natural course of descents) the blessing should come from him to me.

Pray have you no interest, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his lordship ?

Why do you ask ?

My dear sir, I have no claim to such an honor, but what arises from the honor and respect which in the progress of my work will be shown the world I owe to so great a man.

Whilst I am talking of owing——I wish, my dear sir, that any body would tell you, how much I am indebted to you.——I am determined never to do it myself, or say more upon the subject than this, that I am yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MISS STERNE.

Bond Street, April 9, 17(

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will distres good heart, for from the beginning thou perceive no entertaining strokes of humor in it- cannot be cheerful when a thousand melan ideas surround me—I have met with a loss of fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an ext dinary manner—but what is that loss in compa of one I may experience?—Friendship is the and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy not worth sustaining.—I am unhappy—thy m and thyself at a distance from me, and what compensate for such a destitution?———For (sake persuade her to come and fix in Englanc life is too short to waste in separation—and v she lives in one country, and I in another, many ple will suppose it proceeds from choice— besi want thee near me, thou child and darling o heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my l a's eyes will smart with weeping when I tell he cause that now affects me—I am apprehensiv dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is goir to a decline—I was with her two days ago, a never beheld a being so alter'd——she has a te frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the are fled from her cheeks——I can never see o to this incomparable woman without bursting tears—I have a thousand obligations to her owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the v put together.——She has a delicacy in her w thinking that few possess——our conversation of the most interesting nature, and she talks t of quitting this world with more composure

others think of living in it.———I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy.———'Tis expressive of her modest worth.—But may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labor'd urns but vainly show
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine:
'Twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly——So adieu———I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be, thy

Affectionate
Father,
L. STERNE.

As to Mr. ———, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being———send me some *batons pour les dents*——there are none good here.

LETTER LXXX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Old Bond-Street, April 21, 1767.

I AM sincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J. by your friendly inquiry, and the interest you are so good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation.—My

physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein 'till some favorable change—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—He says it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday—but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears that name must have efficacy with me——I was bled yesterday, and again to-day, and have been almost dead; but this friendly inquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope still, and (next to the sense of what I owe my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with——If I continue mending, it will yet be some time before I shall have strength enough to get out in a carriage—My first visit will be a visit of true gratitude——I leave my kind friends to guess where—A thousand blessings go along with this, and may heaven preserve you both—Adieu, my dear sir, and dear lady,

I am your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO THE EARL OF ——.

Old Bond-Street, May 1, 1767.

MY LORD,

I WAS yesterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day; but I am detained by the kindness of lord and lady S——, who have made a party to dine and sup on my account——I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself——In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of

a third—the friendship of a fourth——they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received such numberless and unmerited civilities from your lordship, without returning my most grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgements for your friendly inquiry from Bath. Illness, my lord, has occasioned my silence—Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him—The call was both unexpected and unpleasant——and I am seriously worn down to a shadow—and still very weak.—But weak as I am, I have as whimsical a story to tell you as ever befel one of my family—Shandy's nose, his name, his sashwindow are fools to it—it will serve at least to amuse you.——The injury I did myself last month in catching cold upon James's Powder, fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could—the most painful and most dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this crisis I called in an able surgeon, and with him an able physician (both my friends), to inspect my disaster.—'Tis a venereal case. cried my two scientific friends—'Tis impossible, however, to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the sex, not even with my wife, added I, these fifteen years.—You are, however, my good friend, said the surgeon, or there is no such case in the world——What the devil said I, without knowing woman?—We will not reason about it, said the physician, but you must undergo a course of mercury.—I will lose my life first, said I—and trust to nature, to time, or at the worst to death.—So I put an end, with some indignation, to the conference—and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated like a *sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *saint*. Now as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonoring the righteous, it so fell out, that from the moment I dismiss-

ed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expressed, or supported. Every hour became more intolerable.—I was got to bed cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up so near dead, that my friends insisted upon my sending again for my physician and surgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honor they were both mistaken, as to my case—but tho' they had reasoned wrong, they might act right; and that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my case laid me under.—They answered, that these taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years, but they would not reason with me in a point wherein I was so delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely, to put an end to my torments, which otherwise would put an end to me ———And so have I been compelled to surrender myself——and thus my dear lord, has your poor friend with all his sensibilities been suffering the chastisement of the grossest sensualist.——Was it not as ridiculous an embarrassment as ever Yorick's spirit was involved in?——Nothing but the pure conscience of innocence could have tempted me to write this story to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Tristram Shandy's Life———I have mentioned in it my journal to Mrs. ——. In some respects there is no difference between my wife and herself—when they fare alike neither can reasonably complain.——I have just received letters from France, with some hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England to pay me a visit—if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himself he shall receive a letter from your lordship.—*En attendant*, I am with the greatest regard, my lord,

Your Lordship's

most faithful humble servant

L. STERNE

LETTER LXXXII.

TO J. D——N, ESQ.

Old Bond-Street, Friday Morning.

I WAS going, my dear D——n, to bed before I received your kind inquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body—to its legal settlement.——I am ill, very ill——I languish most affectingly—I am sick both in soul and body——It is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you——no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it——Enjoy it long, my D. whilst I——no matter what——But my feelings are too nice for the world I live in——things will mend.—I dined yesterday with lord and lady S— We talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation.——You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots——and I go bootless home—and fear I shall go bootless all my life—Adieu, gentlest and best of souls—adieu.

I am yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

Newark, Monday, ten o'clock in the morning.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of *cadaverous goods* consigned to Pluto and company

—lying at the bottom of my chaise most of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out—I am worn out—but press on to Barnby Moor to-night, and if possible to York the next.——I know not what is the matter with me —but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine——still I think it will not be overset this bout. ——My love to G.—We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together—My kind respects to a few.—I am, dear H.

Truly yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR,

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking.—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes——The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.——The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate——having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom. ——My chief pleasure has been books——Philanthrophy I adore——How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable uncle Toby!——I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog days to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your Sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which

brings me to the point.——In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume, is this very affecting passage——"Consider how great a part of our species——in all ages down to this——have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.——Consider slavery—what it is——how bitter a draught——and how many millions are made to drink of it."——Of all my favorite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favor of my miserable black brethren——excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison.—I think you will forgive me, I am sure you will applaud me, for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies.——The subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many——but if only of one——gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! And sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.————You who are universally read, and as universally admired——you could not fail.——Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: Figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!——Alas! you cannot refuse.—Humanity must comply——in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER LXXXV.

FROM MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little *events* (as well as in the great ones) of

this world: For I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters came to me——But why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa:—At which tint of these is it that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavor to make 'em so.—For my own part, I never look westward, (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying; and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my uncle Toby more, he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted——and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are and have been so long bound in chains of darkness and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good learned Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter. Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Bond Street, Saturday.

I WAS very sorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courtesy of the duke of M——g—'s family to me, in honoring my list of subscribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks. —But you have something to add Sancho, to what I owe your good will also on this account, and that is to send me the subscription money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents) and collecting them (for which I have neither strength of body or mind) and so, good Sancho, dun the duke of M. the duchess of M. and lord M. for their subscriptions, and lay the sin and money with it too, at my door—I wish so good a family every blessing they merit, along with my humblest compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning——and should on Thursday, but that I stay to dine with lord and lady S——.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, June 30.

I MUST acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times busier than I am, and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good will and good opinion—— 'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised—we only want it to be sincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever——but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an ass to milk, and another to ride out upon (if I chuse it), all together do wonders.————I shall live this year at least, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for just so much health and spirits as are sufficient to carry my pen through the task I have set it this summer.—But I am a resign'd being, Sancho, and take health and sickness as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons——that is, just as it pleases God to send them——and accommodate myself to their periodical returns as well as I can——only taking care what befalls me in this silly world, not to lose my temper at it——This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy——for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes.—— Farewell——I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter ——in the mean time I am very cordially,

My honest friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, Oct. 12, 1767.

EVER since my dear H. wrote me word she was mine more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together.—People think that I have had many, some in body, some in mind, but as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman——therefore you must have had me, H—, both in mind and in body.——Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when——it could not be the lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or —— square, or Pall-mall.——We shall make it out, H. when we meet——I impatiently long for it——'Tis no matter——I cannot now stand writing to you to-day——I will make up next post ——for dinner is upon table, and if I make lord F—— stay, he will not frank this.—How do you do?—— Which parts of Tristram do you like best?——God bless you.

Yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, Nov. 15, 1767.

NOW be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute these commissions well——and when I see you I will give you a kiss——There's for you!

——But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me——or I will give up the business of sentimental writing——and write to the body—that is, H. what I am doing in writing to you——but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a score of mean souls.—

I am yours, &c. &c.
L. SHANDY.

LETTER XC.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR G. M.

Coxwould, Dec. 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOR tho' you are his exellency, and I still but parson Yorick—I still must call you so—and were you to be next emperor of Russia, I could not write to you, or speak of you, under any other relation—I felicitate you, I don't say how much, because I can't——I always had something like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are so happily advanced—It was not only my wishes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impose upon a visionary brain, but I thought I actually saw you just where you now are—and that is just, my dear Macartney, where you should be.—I should long, long ago have acknowledged the kindness of a letter of yours from Petersburgh; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the first time I knew well where my thanks would find you:—How they will find you, I know well—that is—the same I ever knew you. In three weeks I shall kiss your hand—and sooner, if I can finish

my Sentimental Journey.—The duce take all sentiments! I wish there was not one in the world!—My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon——and the politesses arising from such a proof of her urbanity, has robb'd me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.——I am going to lie in, being at Christmas at my full reckoning—and unless what I shall bring forth is not *press'd* to death by these devils of printers, I shall have the honor of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaste brain conceiv'd—— they are frolicsome too; *mais cela n'empeche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honorables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myself happy with it.

Adieu, my dear friend!

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you see Mr. Crawford, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER XCI.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

LITERAS vestras lepidissimas, mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; sed postea non rediebat versus aquilonem eo die, aliter scripsissem prout desiderabas: Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus & ægrotus de mea uxore plus quam unquam——& sum possessus cum diabolo, qui pellet me in urbem ——& tu es possessus cum eodem malo spiritu, qui te tenet in deserto esse tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tua—Crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod istl æc non est via ad salutem sive hodiernam, sive æternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecunia,

quæ, ut ait Sanctus Paulus, est radix omnium malorum, & non satis dicis in corde tuo, Ego Antonius de Castello Infirmo sum jam quadraginta & plus annos natus, explevi octavum meum lustrum, et tempus est me curare, et meipsum Antonium facere hominem felicem, & liberum, et mihimet ipsi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quod nihil est melius in hac vita quam quod homo vivat festive, et quod edat et bibat, & bono fruatur, quia hoc est sua portio & dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te scire vellemus quod non debeo esse reprehendi pro festinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus est testis, quod non propero præ gloria & pro me ostendere; nam diabolus iste qui me intravit, non est diabolus vanus, at consobrinus suus Lucifer —sed est diabolus amabundus, qui non vult sinere me esse solum; nam cum non cumbendo cum uxore mea sum mentulatior quam par est——& sum mortaliter in amore——& sum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excusabis, quoniam tu fuisti in amore, & per mare & per terras ivisti & festinasti sicut diabolus, eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te scribere——sed scribo hanc epistolam in domo coffeataria & plena sociorum strepitosorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis respondebo—Saluta amicos in domo Gisbrosensi, & oro, credas me vinculo consobrinitatis & amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctissimum,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XCII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

DEAR L——E,

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of

friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good will.—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to inquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even how d'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return——at least I find it so.—I am as happy as a prince at Coxwould—and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. ——I sit down alone to venison, fish and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley under (Hamilton Hills) can produce——with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hunded hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love sick heart, I would give you an invitation, but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires.——I am in high spirits ——care never enters this cottage———I take the air every day in my postchaise, with my two long-tail'd horses——they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town—— May you, dear L——, want neither the one, nor the other

Yours truly,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I AM in still better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote last to you——owing I believe to

my riding out every day with my friend H—, whose castle lies near the sea——and there is a beach as even as a mirror, of five miles in length before it ——where we duly run races in our chaise, with one wheel in the sea, and the other on the land.——D———— has obtain'd his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of inquiries after Yorick and his Bramine. He is a good soul, and interests himself much in our fate————I cannot forgive you L———e, for your folly in saying you intended to get introduced to the ——,I despise them, and I shall hold your understanding much cheaper than I now do, if you persist in a resolution so unworthy of you.————I suppose Mrs. J—— telling you they were sensible, is the groundwork you go upon.——By ——, they are not clever ; tho' what is commonly call'd wit, may pass for literature on the other side of Temple bar.——You say Mrs. J—— thinks them amiable——she judges too favorably ; but I have put a stop to her intentions of visiting them.——They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them.——La Bramine assured me they used their endeavors with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you.——I said enough of them before she left England, and though she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted.————Strange infatuation !————but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Bramine can only justify.——I wrote her word, that the most amiable of women reiterated my request that she would not write to them. I said too, she had conceal'd many things for the sake of her peace of mind——when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. I——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly.—— Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. J———— 'twould displease her——and I had no design in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herself.——I

ought now to be busy from sun-rise to sun-set, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an estate to sell—a parish to superintend, and what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with——these are continual calls upon me.—I have receiv'd half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all——I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present——and so dear L——e, adieu.

I am most cordially yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIV.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor——I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my soul.—And for the single day's happiness your goodness would have sent me, I wish I could send you back thousands—I cannot, but they will come of themselves—and so God bless you.—I have had twenty times my pen in my hand since I came down to write one letter to you both in Gerrard-street—but I am a shy kind of a soul at the bottom, and have a jealousy about troubling my friends, especially about myself.—I am now got perfectly well, but was a month after my arrival in the country in but a poor state—My body has got the start, and is at present more at ease than my mind—but this world is a school of trials, and so heaven's

will be done !—I hope that you have both enjoyed all that I wanted—and to complete your joy, that your little lady flourishes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to see her preferred by next winter. I am now beginning to be truly busy at my Sentimental Journey—the pains and sorrows of this life having retarded its progress——but I shall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very short time.——

What can I send you that Yorkshire produces? Tell me—I want to be of use to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the truest value and esteem,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCV.

TO MR. P. AT PARIS.

York, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR P.

BE so kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. S. at your office by to-day's post, or the next, and she will receive them before she quits Avignon for England.———She wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter ——advise her to get her own life insured in London, lest my Lydia should die before her.——If there are any packets, send them with the ninth volume of Shandy, which she has failed of getting. ——She says she has drawn for fifty louis——— when she leaves Paris, send by her my account.—— Have you got me any French subscription or subscriptions in France ?——Present my kindest service to Miss P. I know her politeness and good-nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what she may venture to bring over.———I *hope* every thing goes on well, though never half so

I wish.—God prosper you, my dear friend! elieve me most warmly,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

sooner you send me the gold snuff-box, the —'tis a present from my best friend.

LETTER XCVI.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Aug. 2, 1767.

dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— are infinitely kind to me in sending now and then a o inquire after me—and to acquaint me how e—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how bear a part in your illness—I wish Mr. J—— carry you to the south of France in pursuit th—But why need I wish it, when I know his n will make him do that and ten times as o prevent a return of those symptoms which d him so much in the spring?——Your po- and humanity is always contriving to treat eeably, and what you promise next winter perfectly so——but you must get well—— ır little dear girl must be of the party with ents and friends to give it a relish——I am u show no partiality but what is natural and worthy in behalf of your daughter, but I won- friends will not find her a play-fellow, and I pe and advise them not to venture along thro' rfare of life without two strings at least to ow.—I had letters from France by last night's which (by some fatality) I find not one of ters *has reached* Mrs. S——. This gives

me concern, as it wears the aspect of unkindness which she by no means merits from me.——My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a visit for a few months; I wish I may prevail with them to tarry longer.——You must permit me, dear Mr. J. to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and spend a little time in London, as she returns to France.—I expect a small parcel—may I trouble you before you write next to send to my lodgings to ask if there is any thing directed to me that you can enclose under cover?—I have but one excuse for this freedom, which I am prompted to use from a persuasion that it is doing you pleasure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing—and as to myself I rest satisfied for 'tis only scoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already.—Receive a thousand and a thousand thanks, yes, and with them ten thousand friendly wishes for all you wish in this world.—May my friend Mr. J. continue blest with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I so ardently pray for.—Adieu my dear friends—believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's last letter dated from St. Jago she tells me, as she does you, that she is extremely ill—God protect her. By this time surely she has set foot upon dry land at Madras——I heartily wish her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her so—but he is cut off from this, by bodily absence—I am present with her in spirit however——but what is that, you will say?

LETTER XCVII.

TO MR. F. AT PARIS.

York, Sept. 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just the honor of a letter from Miss T——, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind services to her. I will not believe these arose from the D. of A———'s letters, nor mine. Surely *she needed no* recommendation—The truest and most honest compliment I can pay you, is to say, they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object—for the rest follow'd in course—However, let me cast in my mite of thanks to the treasury which belongs to good-natured actions:—I have been with lord G——y these three weeks at Scarborough—the pleasures of which I found somewhat more exalted than those of Bagnieres last year—I am now returned to my Philosophical Hut to finish Tristram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Christmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head-quarters at London for the winter——unless my cough pushes me forwards to your metropolis—or that I can persuade some *gros* my lord to take a trip to you——I'll try if I can make him relish the joys of the *Thuilleries*, *Opera Comique*, &c.

I had this week a letter from Mrs. S—— from Montauban, in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty pounds immediately——Will you send an order to your correspondent at Montauban to pay her so much cash——and I will in three weeks send as much to Becket———But as her purse is low, for God's sake write directly.——Now you must do *something equally* essential——to rectify a mis-

take in the mind of your correspondent there, who it seems gave her a hint not long ago, "*that she was separated from me for life.*"——Now as this is not true in the first place, and may give a disadvantageous impression of her to those she lives amongst —'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, suffer by it; so do be so good as to undeceive him——for in a year or two she proposes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me——and tell them I have all the confidence in the world she will not spend more than I can afford, and I only mention'd two hundred guineas a year ——because it was right to name some certain sum, for which I begg'd you to give her credit.—I write to you of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother, so excuse me dear F.

God bless you—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO J. H. S. ESQ.

Coxwould, Aug. 11, 1767.

MY DEAR H.

I AM glad all has passed with so much amity *inter te & filum Marcum tuum*, and that madame has found grace in thy sight—All is well that ends well —and so much for moralizing upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophesy as much good concerning me and my affairs.—Not one of my letters have got to Mrs. S—— since the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my side, tho' I have wrote her six or seven.—— I imagine she will be here the latter end of Septem-

her, tho' I have no date for it but her impatience, which having suffered by my supposed silence, I am persuaded will make her fear the worst—If that is the case, she will fly to England—a most natural conclusion.—You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's Powder, as you are so well;—rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry:—Mine ought upon the same score—for I never have been so well since I left college——and should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits—But if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honor—and—No matter! we will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c. I will come and sing *Te Deum*, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world.—I should depend upon G—'s critique upon my head, as much as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies.——When you do not want her society, let it be carried into your bedchamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum—to—and give her my blessing as you do it——

My postillion has set me a ground for a week by one of my pistols bursting in his hand; which he taking for granted to be quite shot off, he instantly fell upon his knees and said, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name,"—at which, like a good Christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it—The affair was not so bad as he at first thought, for it has only bursted two of his fingers (he says).——I long to return to you, but I sit here alone as solitary and sad as a tom-cat, which by the bye, is all the company I keep—He follows me from the parlor to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wish I had a dog——my daughter will bring me one—and so God be about you, and strengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear cousin, your's,

L. STERNE.

My service to the C——, though they are from *home, and to Panty.*

LETTER XCIX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Aug. 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I BUT copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from St. Jago——If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in course have had it—but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry and bodily disorder in which she was when she dispatched this, she might not have had time.—In case it has so fallen out, I send you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholy history of herself and sufferings, since they left St. Jago———Continual and most violent rheumatism all the time——a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying symptom———the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton.——I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours.—The three or four last days of her journal leave us with hopes she will do well at last, for she is more cheerful——and seems to be getting into better spirits; and health will follow in course.——They have crossed the Line—are much becalmed—from which with other delays she fears they will lose their passage to Madras———and be some months sooner for it at Bombay.——Heaven protect her, for she suffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.———She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J—— in her last packet——In truth, *my good* lady, she loves and honors you from her *heart*; but if she did not, I should not esteem her,

or wish her so well as I do.———Adieu, my dear friends———you have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours than

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris—'tis not the first pledge I have received of his friendship——May I presume to enclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself, and my letter may have the honor to *chaperon* your's to India——They will neither of them be the worse recieved for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal.

LETTER C.

TO MISS STERNE.

Coxwould, Aug. 24, 1767.

I AM truly surprised, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother and thyself——it looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both——and tho' in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I should have published my Sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you—yet I will show you more real politesses than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart——I am sorry you are not here at the races, but *les fetes champetres* of the *Marquis de Sade* have made you amends.—I know

B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but so so here. —You are right—he studies nature more than any, or rather most of the French comedians.—If the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off.——The folly of staying 'till after twelve for supper——that you two excommunicated beings might have meat—" his conscience would not let be served before !"—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it.—I would have given not my gown and cassock (for I have but one) but my topaz ring to have seen the *petits maitres et maitresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing.—As to my pleasures,they are few in compass.—My poor cat sits purring beside me—your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire—but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused——in short, I will have nothing devilish about me——a combustion would spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire—do not be alarmed —'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you set out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as ———— did her silver syringe or glyster equipage which she lost in a certain river—but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a spitting of blood———and that unfeeling brute ******* came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet halloo'd in my ear——" Z——ds, what a fine kettle of fish have " you brought yourself to, Mr. S—— !"——In a faint voice I bid him leave me, for comfort sure never was administered in so rough a manner.—Tell your mother I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris——'tis an occasion not to be lost—so write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long tailed

horses——and the moment you have both put your feet into it, call it hereafter your's.—Adieu, dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever shall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—Once more adieu.

LETTER CI.

TO SIR W.

September 19, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU are perhaps the drollest being in the universe—Why do you banter me so about what I wrote to you?—Tho' I told you' every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap, (meaning thereby the sea), was you to infer from that, that I leaped into the ladies' beds afterwards?—The body guides you——the mind me.—I have wrote the most whimsical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talked of body and soul too.—I said she had made me vain, by saying she was mine more than ever woman was——but she is not the lady of Bond-street, nor — square, nor the lady who supped with me in Bond-street on scollop'd oysters, and other such things——nor did she ever go *tete-a-tete* with me to Salt-Hill——Enough of such nonsense——The past is over——and I can justify myself unto myself——can you do as much?——No faith!——"You can feel!"——Aye, so can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the house-top——But caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame, than have a different one raised in me.——Now I take

heaven to witness, after all this *badinage* my heart is innocent——and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and galloped away——The truth is this—that my pen governs me—not me my pen.——You are much to blame if you dig for marl, unless you are sure of it.——I was once such a puppy myself as to pare and burn, and had my labor for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of pocket.——Curse on farming (said I)! I will try if the pen will not succeed better than the spade. ——The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me lose my temper, and a cart-load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

—In all your operations may your own good sense guide you—bought experience is the devil,—Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are arrived at Scarborough, when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter.——You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finished——besides I have other things in my head. ——My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness ——but I have been there——As for meeting you

at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh and drink my barley-water with you. As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London, where you generally are in spring——and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare say convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds.——Praised be God for my sensibility !———Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt.—Write to me the day you will be at York——'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me,

My good sir, ever yours
L. STERNE.

LETTER CIII.

TO MR. P. AT PARIS.

York, Oct. 1, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd——she is in raptures with all your civilities.——This is to give you notice to draw upon your correspondent——and Becket will deduct out of my publication.—To-morrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia seems transported with the sight of me.—Nature, dear P— breathes in all her composition ; and except a little vivacity——which is a fault in the world we live in ——I am fully content with her mother's care of her.——Pardon this digression from business—but 'tis natural to speak of those we love.——As to the subscriptions which your friendship has procured

me, I must have them to incorporate with my lists which are to be prefix'd to the first volume.—My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks—they will leave me the first of December.—Adieu, adieu ——believe me

Yours most truly,
L. STERNE.

LETTER CIV.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Oct. 3, 1767.

I HAVE suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight to send a letter of inquiries after the health and well-being of my dearest friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— ; and I do assure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper not to make my good-will troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd.—Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard-street !———My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, "God bless you."——May you have every blessing he can send you !—'Tis a part of my Litany, where you will always have a place whilst I have a tongue to repeat it.——And so you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit than the reasons assign'd for it !—I thank you for it kindly.——Tho' you have not told me what they were, being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess.——I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our bishops; who, as he kept house there,

press'd me to be with him——and his household consisted of a gentleman and two ladies——which, with the good bishop and myself, made so good a party that we kept much to ourselves.——I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland.——However we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted——Now it was supposed (and I have since heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London; and this I suppose was the reason assign'd for my being there.——I dare say charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the score of one, and perhaps both of the ladies——and I will excuse charity on that head, for a heart disengaged could not have done better.———I have been hard writing ever since ——and hope by Christmas I shall be able to give a gentle rap at your door——and tell you how happy I am to see my two good friends.—I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finish'd this Sentimental Journey——which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am, my dear friends,—

Your ever obliged
And grateful,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here last night from France.—My girl has return'd an elegant accomplish'd little slut——My wife——but I hate to praise my wife——'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter.—I suppose they will return next summer to France.——They leave me in a month to reside at York for the winter——and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

LETTER CV.

TO MRS. F——.

Coxwould, Friday.

DEAR MADAM,

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me——I got down last summer very much worn out——and much worse at the end of my journey.—I was forced to call at his grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster.——Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended——and am now very stout—and in a fortnight's time shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me——I have the pleasure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France.—I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January.—Adieu, dear madam——believe me

Yours sincerely,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVI.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Nov. 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troublesome in writing something like a letter and a card to inquire after you and my good friend Mr. J—, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of.——I think so however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when

I can hear tidings of it so seldom—and have nothing to recompence my desire of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas.—I long sadly to see you——and my friend Mr. J——. I am still at Coxwould——my wife and girl * here——She is a dear good creature——affectionate, and most elegant in body and mind——She is all heaven could give me in a daughter——but like other blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France——and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms, to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers.——Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplish'd a slut as France can produce. You shall excuse all this—if you don't I desire Mr. J—— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one. With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge—who I hope to see every hour increasing in stature, and in favor both with God and man!——I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart.——No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does—few so much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude and honest affection,

My dear Mrs. J——,

Yours ever faithful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will please Mrs. J—— and my Lydia——I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past

* *Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be necessary for publishing this letter.——The best she can offer is——that it was written by a fond parent (whose commendations she is proud of) to a very sincere friend.*

——I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue the examples of the doctrine I teach.

LETTER CVII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, Nov. 19, 1767.

YOU make yourself unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills——which you might shun, instead of putting yourself in the way of.—Would not any man in his senses fly from the object he adores, and not waste his time and his health in increasing his misery by so vain a pursuit?——The idol of your heart is one of ten thousand—The duke of —— has long sighed in vain—and can you suppose a woman will listen to you, that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribbands?—Her heart (believe me, L——e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine speeches—if it should ever feel a preference, it will choose an object for itself, and it must be a singular character that can make an impression on such a being—She has a Platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name——The natural reserve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a superiority of understanding, which makes her despise every man that turns himself into a fool.——Take an advice, and pay your addresses to Miss ——. She esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken so deep a root in your heart.——I pity you from my soul—but we are all born with passions, which ebb and flow (else they would play the

devil with us) to different objects :——And the best advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.——I know not whether I shall write again while I stay at Coxwould.——I am in earnest at my Sentimental work—and intend being in town soon after Christmas——in the mean time adieu.——Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L.

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE EARL OF ——.

Coxwould, Nov. 28, 1767.

MY LORD,

'TIS with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your lordship for your letter of inquiry about Yorick—He has worn out both his spirits and body with the Sentimental Journey—'Tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body——therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York.——I might indeed solace myself with my wife, (who is come from France) ; but in fact I have long been a sentimental being——whatever your lordship may think to the contrary.——The world has imagined, because I wrote Tristram Shandy, that I was myself more Shandeyan than I really ever was——— 'Tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colors according to the ideas each one frames in his head——A very agreeable

lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough—I had the honor of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon*—All the females were very inquisitive to know who she was—"Do not tell, ladies; 'tis a mistress my wife has recommended to me—nay moreover has sent her from France."

I hope my book will please you, my lord, and then my labor will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaste book, mercy on them that read it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed!—Can your lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle?—In short, I can but add this, which you already know—that I am with gratitude and friendship,

My lord,
Your obedient faithful
L. STERNE.

If your lordship is in town in spring, I should be happy if you become acquainted with my friends in Garrard-street—You would esteem the husband, and honor the wife——she is the reverse of most of her sex——They have various pursuits——she but one—that of pleasing her husband.

LETTER. CIX.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, Dec. 7, 1767.

DEAR L——,

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a letter as yours——I am certain you may depend upon my lord ——'s promise—he will take care of you in the best manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make

you useful in any department——If his lordship's scheme does dot succeed, leave the kingdom—go to the east or the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and mind——But more of this when we meet—now to my own affairs. —I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surrey, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould and my prebendaryship—the country also is sweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have consulted with you and my other friends——I have great offers too in Ireland——The bishops of C— and R—— are both my friends——but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. S—— and my Lydia could accompany me thither——I live for the sake of my girl, and with her sweet light burden in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me it will sit uneasy upon my brow.—Mrs. S——'s health is insupportable in England.——She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it——I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me.——My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the separation of soul and body——and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another.———You will laugh at my weakness———but I cannot help it ——for she is a dear, disinterested girl———As proof of it——when she left Coxwould, and I bade her adieu, I pull'd out my purse and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures——Her answer was pretty, and affected me too much, "No, my dear papa, our expenses of coming from France may have straiten'd you———I would rather put an hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it."——I burst into tears——But why do I

practise on your feelings, by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart?——It is too much melted already by its own sufferings, L——e, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh.——God bless you——I shall hope to greet you by New-years day in perfect health——Adieu, my dear friend——I am most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

York, Dec. 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little blossom, was drooping—or that some of you were ill, by not having the pleasure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to inquire after you all—when I was cast down myself with a fever and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks——when I had the favor of your's which till to day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do——as well as for all your professions and proofs of good-will to me.——I will not say I have not balanced accounts with you in this. All I know is, that I honor and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth—and that I could not wish your happiness, and the success of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother—But, good God! are we not all brothers and sisters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illness has been a sort of sympathy for afflictions upon the score of your dear little one. —I am worn down to a shadow—but as my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town——I need not tell my

friends in Gerrard-street, I shall do myself the honor to visit them, before either lord —— or lord —, &c. &c.——I thank you, my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my daughter——it shows your good heart, for as she is a stranger, 'tis a free gift in you——but when she is known to you, she shall win it fairly. But, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds.—Mrs. S—— has hired a house ready furnish'd at York till she returns to France, and my Lydia must not leave her.

What a sad scratch of a letter!—but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind——so God bless you—You will see me enter like a ghost—— so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened.——I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXI.

TO LADY P.

Mount Coffeehouse, Tuesday 3 o'clock.

THERE is a strange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet.doux within a stone-cast of the lady who engrosses the heart and soul of an inamorato—For this cause (but mostly because I am to dine in this neighborhood) have I Tristram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee house the nearest I could find to my dear lady —'s house, and have called for a sheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed—Now for it.

O my dear lady——what a dishclout of a soul hast thou made of me!——I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction for so unfamiliar a situation as I stand in with you——where, heaven knows, I am kept at a distance and despair of get-

ting one inch nearer you, with all the steps and windings I can think of to recommend myself to you——Would not any man in his senses run diametrically from you——and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus causelessly, foolishly, and fool-hardily expose himself afresh—and afresh, where his heart and his reason tells him he shall be sure to come off loser, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to see me?—Does it give you pleasure to make me more unhappy—or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakest, the most ductile, the most tender fool, that ever woman tried the weakness of——and the most unsettled in my purposes and resolutions of recovering my right mind.——It is but an hour ago that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you—and after saying my Lord's prayer for the sake of the close, of not being led into temptation—out I sallied, like any Christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet—And now I am got so near you—within this vile stone's cast of your house—I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards; and though I had purchased a box ticket to carry me to Miss *******'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed to me, to let me know lady —— would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see every thing verified I have told her.—I dine at Mr. C—r's in Wigmore-street, in this neighborhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you propose to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I shall conclude you are better disposed of—and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jog on to the play—Curse on the word! I know nothing but sorrow—

except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but)

most sincerely

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Old Bond-Street, Jan. 1.

NOT knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Garrard-street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to send them all the good wishes, compliments, and respects I owe them. I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the best. I send all compliments to your fire-side this Sunday night—Miss Ascough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on.——If lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will present the inclosed to him.—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you—I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season—it deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the subscription—but I am just going to send about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure tickets undisposed of, from some of my Soho friends; and if I can succeed, I will either send or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow—if not, my friends will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable. —I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get disengaged in order to be with my friends.—If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow uninvited to Gerrard-street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together—God bless you both!—I am, with the most sincere regard,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Old Bond Street, Monday.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I HAVE never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one—have been upon one knee to my friends sir G— M——,—Mr. Lascelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice, without mentioning five more—I believe I could as soon get you a place at court, for every body is going——But I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications.—I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised ;—but no —Mrs. J—— knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Tuesday, Old Bond Street.

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a second note I am astonished I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. J——s, in which my

friend is as unrivalled as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would I have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Garrard-street.—My books will be to be had on Thursday, but possibly on Wednesday in the afternoon.—— I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner.——How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is always sweet) with such kind friends!—The Sunday following I will assuredly wait upon you both——and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time, and a little daylight, to see Mrs. J——'s picture.——I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favors, with my sentimental thanks for every token of their good-will.—Adieu, my dear friends

I am truly yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER CXV.

TO L. S. ESQ.

Old Bond Street, Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question.——Thanks, my good sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—If I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwould this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome. It grieves one to think such a man should

have died in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love.——Do not think me encroaching if I solicit a favor——'tis either to borrow or beg (to beg if you pleas) some of those touched with chalk which you brought from Italy——I believe you have three sets, and if you can spare the imperfect one of cattle on colored paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours.——You may be ignorant she has a genius for drawing, and whatever she excels in, she conceals, and her humility adds lustre to her accomplishments.—I presented her last year with colors and an apparatus for painting,& gave her several lessons before I left town.—I wish her to follow this art, to be a complete mistress of it—and it is singular enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, though she draws figures and landscapes perfectly well ; which makes me wish her to copy from good prints.——If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you—I breakfast with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with lord O—— ; so let our meeting be either at your house or my lodgings——Do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to see a picture executed by West most admirably——He has caught the character of our friend ——such goodness is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much unharmonized, it is impossible it should remain so. ——I will send you a set of my books———they will take with the generality———the women will read this book in the parlor, and Tristram in the bed-chamber.——Good night dear sir——I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI.

February 20, Old Bond-street.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

MY Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here—But what is the gratification of my feelings upon this occasion?——The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbors not in thy father's breast.—This vile influenza———be not alarmed! I think I shall get the better of it——and shall be with you both the first of May——And if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.——The subject of thy letter has astonished me.—She could know but little of my feelings to tell thee, that under the supposition I shall survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to ——No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to——I mean that friend whom I have so often talked and wrote about——From her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend——and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.——Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.——But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me——do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account.—— I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother.——My girl cannot form a wish

that is in the power of a father, that he will not gratify her in——and I cannot in justice be less kind to thy mother.—I am never alone——The kindness of my friends is ever the same—I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me—but I am denied that.—— Write to me twice a week at least.—God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy

Affectionate father,
L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVII.

TO MRS. J——.

Tuesday.

YOUR poor friend is scarce able to write——he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy—I was bled three times on Thursday, and blister'd on Friday—The physician says I am better—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times. Mr. J—— was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you. —Do dear Mrs. J——, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live.——I want to ask a favor of him, if I find myself worse——that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror—— My spirits are fled——'Tis a bad omen——Do not weep my dear lady———your tears are too precious to shed for me———bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.——Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and *happiness* prove your handmaids.—If I die, cherish *the remembrance* of me, and forget the follies which

you so often comdemn'd—which my heart, not my head betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom ?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you.—Mr. J—— will be a father to her——he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence——Commend me to him——as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu—all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J——.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO MR B.

Exeter, July, 1775.

SIR,

THIS was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *soused*.—He drew it up in a few moments without stopping his pen. I should be glad to see it in your intended collection of Sterne's Memoirs, &c. If you should have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a misapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writing lies in the most happy choice of metaphors and allusions——such as showed his philosophic judgment, at the same time that they displayed his wit and genius——but it is not for me to comment on or to correct so great an original. I *should* have sent this Fragment as soon

as I saw Mrs. Medalle's advertisement, had I no been at a distance from my papers. I expect muc entertainment from this posthumous work of a ma to whom no one is more indebted for amusemen and instruction, than,

Sir, your humble servant,

S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

NO—not one farthing would I give for such coat in wet weather or dry.——If the sun shines you are sure of being melted, because it closes s tight about one——if it rains, it is no more a de fence than a cobweb——a very sieve, o' my consci ence ! that lets through every drop, and like man other things that are put on only for a cover, mo tifies you with disappointment, and makes you curs the impostor, when it is too late to avail one's self o the discovery. Had I been wise, I should have ex amined the claim the coat had to the title of "de fender of the body"——before I had trusted my bo dy in it——I should have held it up to the light like other suspicious matters I have seen, ho much it was likely to admit of that which I wante to keep out——whether it was more than such frail, flimsy contexture of flesh and blood as I an fated to carry about with me through every tract o this dirty world, could have comfortably and safel dispensed within so short a journey—taking into m account the chance of spreading trees—thick hedge overhanging the road—with twenty other covert that a man may thrust his head under—if he is no violently pushed on by that d——d stimulus—yo know where—that will not let a man sit still in on place for half a minute together—but like a young nettlesome tit is eternally on the fret, and is fo pushing on still farther—Or if the poor scared devi is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gyve and a halter dangling before his eyes———now i

ther cases he has not a minute to throw away in standing still, but like king Lear must brave "the pelting of a pitiless storm," and give heaven leave to "rumble its belly full—spit fire—or spout rain," —as spitefully as it pleaseth, without finding the inclination or the resolution to slacken his pace, lest something should be lost that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of—Now had I acted with as much prudence as some other good folks—I could name many of them who have been made b—ps within my remembrance for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my share—and absolutely for nothing else——as will be seen when they are undressed another day——Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without lessening much of the size, or injuring in the least the shape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or continuing to a less circumference the superb sweep of any one cloak that any one b——p ever wrapt himself up in—I should never have given this coat a place upon my shoulders, I should have seen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little would keep in of darkness——This a coat for a rainy day! Do pray, madam, hold it up to that window——did you ever see such an *illustrious* coat since the day you could distinguish between a coat and a pair of breeches? ——My lady did not understand derivatives, and so she could not see quite through my splendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the same "darkness of excessive light." What a flood of it breaks in through this rent? what an irradiation beams through that! what twinklings—what sparklings, as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the sun! Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church—It has not served me for one purpose—it will serve them for two—This is coarse stuff—of worse ma-

nufacture than the cloth—Put it to its propel for I love when things sort and join well—M philtre * of it—while there is a drop to be extr ——I know but one thing in the world tha draw, drain, or suck like it—and that is—n wool nor flax.—Make—make any thing of it, vile hypocrital coat for me——for I never ca *sub Jove* (whatever Juno might) that "it is a sure to *be wet.*"

* *This allusion is improper. A philtre orig signifies a love potion—and as it is used as a from the verb* philtrate—*it must signify a* str *not a* sucker—*Cloth is sometimes used for the pose of draining by means of its pores or cap tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. meaning is obvious enough; but as he drew u fragment without stopping his pen, as I was info it is no wonder he erred in the application of so his terms.*

END OF THE LETTERS PUBLISHED BY M MEDALLE.

STERNE's LETTERS

TO

HIS FRIENDS.

PUBLISHED BY

AN ANONYMOUS EDITOR.

M, DCC, LXXV.

STERNE's LETTERS

TO HIS

FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

TO * * * * * *

—I HAVE been much concerned at your overthrow; but our roads are ill contrived for the airy vehicles now in fashion. May it be the last fall you ever meet with in this world!—but this reflection costs me a deep sigh——and I fear, my friend, you will get over it no cheaper——Many, many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them——tho' perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains: There are scenes of delight in the vale as well as in the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye —than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way—to do that is our duty, and should be our care; when a man has done this, he is safe, the rest is of little consequence——

Cover his head with a turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one.

—I visit my abbey, as usual, every evening——amid the mouldring ruins of ancient greatness I take my solitary walk; far removed from the noise and bustle of a malicious world, I can cherish the

fond remembrance of my *Cordelia*—*Cordelia*, thou wert kind, gentle and beauteous! thy beauties, rather let me say thy misfortunes, first raised the flame of tender affection in my breast!——But thy beauties, and thy misfortunes, are passed away together; and all that charmed mankind, and delighted me, become a clod of the valley!——Here, my *Cordelia*, I will weed clean thy grave—I will stretch myself upon it—will wet it with my tears——and the traveller shall not turn aside to observe me—

But whither am I led? Do, my kind friend, excuse the wanderings of my pen; it governs me, I govern not it—Farewel; and receive the warmest affection of,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

TO **********.

——I FEAR that ere this, you may have oftentimes accused me of negligence, in not answering your last letters; but you addressed them to me in London, and I was dying in the country.—I have been more sorely afflicted this last time than I ever was before: Had I followed the advice of the faculty, it had been over with me; and contrary to their opinion, I ventured to order myself a stout bleeding;—this, in all probability, saved me; for how long, God only knows!—I am still weak and can hardly make myself heard across my table.—My spirits, the best friend I ever had in this world, stuck close by me in this last conflict; by their kind assistance I have been able to bear the heavy load of life, and walk so merrily along the wilderness of this world:—Thanks to them I have been able to whistle and sing in its most uncheery paths!——As it has pleased heaven to let them accompany me thus far on my journey, I hope and trust they will not

ffered to leave me now that I am almost at the
f it.—I know and feel (my friend)that this last
ment will give you pain !——this, believe me, is
foreign to my wishes ; but I always write from
ıeart—and supposing ıt to be my practice to
the world, I have ever considered the character
friend too respectable to make the sport of an
maţination. To deceive is a base trade at best ;
: to deceive those we love and value, is a folly
ally inexcusable, that I defy all the arts of so-
'y to frame an argument in its favor.—When I
my heart I show all its follies—its caprices, its
)nness—its virtues are all exposed to view ; and
y this means I lay myself open to the illiberal and
l-natured,who are ever ready to seize the oppor-
' of gratifying their dirty passions ;—and withal
) numerous, that hypocrisy, with respect to
, is accounted a virtue—*But I show all !*—this
)e imprudent——and I am told by some senti-
ıl prudes—that it is indecent ;—if so, let them
heir fans before their faces, or walk on the
side of the way.——Disguise is the fashion ;
ıe man who does not use it, is called a Liber-
——For my part—I hate a mask and will ne-
ear one ! I am not ashamed of my failings,
I feel that I have some little stock of virtue to
erbalance them.—The man who hides noth-
'ho varnishes nothing, when applause, when
comes, and come it must to such, finds no bu-
nothing in his breast that gives the lie to it.—
ıis own, and his heart will answer it.——Of all
hants, scourge me those who flatter them-
!——He who speaks peace to himself when
is no peace, is acting a part he cannot long
rt—the scene closes——the curtain drops——
ɜ is himself again. The follies, the errors of
ind, I sincerely forgive, as I hope to be forgiv-
—and when a man is mounted on his hobby-
, let him amble or trot, or gallop, so he will be
and not let his heart do mischief——God

speed him !——And if I feel an inclination to put on my fool's cap and jingle the bells for two or three hours of the-four-and-twenty—or the whole twenty-four hours together——what is that to any one ?—O, sir, you will be called trifling, foolish, &c. &c. ——with all my heart !—Pray, good folks, fall on —never spare !——Fair ladies have you got your bellies full ?—if so, much good may it do you !—But, sir, we must prove you to be a rogue, a rascal, an hypocrite.——Alas ! I have nothing to give you but my fool's cap and my hobby-horse----if they are not sufficient, I must beg leave to recommend you to that pale-faced, solemn, stiff-starched figure who is this moment entering that church ; fall upon him ! ——and for once in your lives, perhaps, you may hit the mark.

I fear, my good friend, you will begin to think, that however my speaking faculties are obstructed, that one of writing still remains free and large —— but here is the grief—It is but writing !—My pen is a leaded one, and it is with some difficulty I trail it on to assure you of my being most cordially

Yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

TO * * *.

I HAVE not been a furlong from Shandy-Hall since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse ! I have been to —, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it.——You will scarce believe me, when I tell you, it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney ; to put craft, and all its power, to defiance ; and to obtain justice from one—who has a heart foul enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simpli-

city, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point! [redacted]t was a star and garter to me!——the matter [redacted]s follows:—

"A poor man, the father of my Vestal having, "by the sweat of his brow, during a course of many "laborious years, saved a small sum of money, ap- "plied to his scribe to put it out to use for him: "This was done, and a bond given for the money.— "The honest man, having no place in his cottage "which he thought sufficiently secure, put it in a "hole in the thatch, which had served instead of a "strong box, to keep his money.——In this situati- "tion the bond remained till the time of receiv- "ing the interest drew nigh---But, alas!---the rain "which had done no mischief to his gold, had found "out his paper-security, and had rotted it to pieces! "——It would be a difficult matter to paint the dis- "tress of the old countryman upon this discovery; "——he came to me weeping and begging my ad- "vice and assistance!——it cut me to the heart!"---

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards of sixty years of age—who having with much penury and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about forescore pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone——lost his little hoard at once; and to aggravate his misfortune, thro' his own neglect and incaution.——"If I was young, sir, (said he) my affliction would have been light—and I might have obtained it again—but I have lost my comfort when I most wanted it!——My staff is taken from me when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect in future life but the unwilling charity of a Parish-Officer."——Never in my whole life, did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time! What a luxury it would have been to have said, to this afflicted fellow-creature,——"There is "thy money—go thy ways and be at peace." But,

alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and (I the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good counsel;—but I did not stop here.——I went myself with him to [redacted] where by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by-the-bye) in such a cause, and with such an opponent, was very justifiable—I sent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond restored to him. Bravo! Bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing,—it is a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—Adieu—Adieu———

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

TO MRS. V——.

OF the two bad cassocs, fair lady, which I am worth in the world, I would this moment freely give the latter of them to find out by what irresistible force of magic it is, that I am influenced to write a letter to you upon so short an acquaintance. ——Short----did I say!——I unsay it again---I have been acquainted with Mrs. V——— this long and many a day: For, surely, the most penetrating of her sex need not be told, that intercourses of this kind are not to be dated by hours, days or months---but by the slow or rapid progress of our intimacies, which are measured only by the degrees of penetration by which we discover characters at once------or by the openness and frankness of heart which lets the observer into it without the pains of reflection: Either of these spares us what a short life could ill afford-----and that is the long and unconscionable time in forming connections, which had much better be spent in tasting the sweets of them.——Now of

this frame and contexture is thef air Mrs. V----; her character is to be read at once-----I saw it before I had walked twenty paces beside her----I believe, in my conscience, dear lady, if truth was known, *that you have no inside at all.*

That you are graceful, elegant, and desirable, &ct &c.--------every common beholder who can stare a. you as a Dutch boor does at the Queen of Sheba,---- can easily find out ;-----but that you are sensible, gentle and tender, and from one end to the other of you full of the sweetest tones and modulations, requires a deeper research.-----You are a system of harmonic vibrations----the softest and best attuned of all instruments.——Lord ! I would give away my other cassoc to touch you—But in giving my last rag of priesthood for that pleasure, I should be left naked—to say nothing of being quite *disordered* —so divine a hand as your's would presently put me into *orders* again—but if you suppose this would leave me as you found me, believe me, dear Mrs. V——, you are much mistaken.——All this being duly put together, pray, dear lady, let me ask you, What business you had to come here from —— ? or, to speak more to the purpose, what business have you to return back again ?——The deuce take you with your musical and other powers ; could nothing serve you, but you must turn *Tristram Shandy's* head, as if it was not turned enough already—as for your turning my heart—I forgive you, as you have been so good as to turn it towards so excellent and heavenly an object.—

Now, dear Mrs. V——, if you can help it, do not think of *yourself*———But believe me to be, with the highest esteem, for your character and self, Your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER V.

FROM DR. EUSTACE IN AMERICA, TO THE REV. MR. STERNE, WITH A WALKING STICK.

SIR,

WHEN I assure you that I am a great admirer of Tristram Shandy, and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a similitude of sentiments is the general parent of friendship.——It cannot be wondered at, that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through all those intricacies of sentiment, which from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge thro' without merit or distinction.

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary, I mean according to vulgar opinion; for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design.------It was made by an ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late Governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me; its singularity made many desirous of procuring it, but I had resolved, at first, not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a proper, and probably not an unacceptable compliment to my favorite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broom-stick.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

LETTER VI.

MR. STERNE'S ANSWER.

London, Feb. 9, 1768.

SIR,

I THIS moment received your obliging letter and Shandean piece of sculpture along with it, of both which testimonies of your regard I have the justest sense, and return you, dear sir, my best thanks and acknowlegement. Your walking stick is in no sense more Shandaic than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that in using the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his convenience. In Tristram Shandy the handle is taken which suits the passions, their ignorance, or their sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared, that none but wise men should look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to understand them; the world however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its side; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a second reading. The other, in order to be on the strongest side, has at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few hypocrites and tartusses, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonor, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, sir, to have had a man like you on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taste humor, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God: And, besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him, entirely

correspond with those excited.—'Tis like reading himself—and not the book.

In a week's time I shall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of presenting them to you.

Believe me, dear sir, with great thanks for the honor you have done me, with true esteem,

Your obliged humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO *******.

IT is even as you told me, my good friend,—a beckon from an old female acquaintance has led me a dance to ——. It was too great a temptation to be thrown in the way of such a sinner;—so I have bid adieu to Shandy Hall till the beginning of October—which, by the bye, is one of the finest months in the year in this part of the kingdom——this is added, by the way, to induce you to return to me at that time: If you cannot, let me know where you are to be the beginning of the following month, and the wheels of my chariot shall roll rapidly towards you.

I have not been quite idle since you left me, but, amidst a thousand impediments, have snatched one volume more for a gouty and a splenetic world. I suppose this will overtake you at the Hot-wells, as you are walking a sentimental footpace beside the phthisical nymph of the fountain—if so——protect and cherish her whosoever she be; and tell her, that she has *Tristram Shandy's* wishes for her recovery and happiness.——Had I lived in days of yore,

when virtue and sentiment bore a price, I should have been the most peerless knight of them all!——Some tender-hearted damsel in distress would ever have been my object—to wipe away the tears from off the cheek of such a friendless fair one. I would go to *Mecca*——and for a friend—to the end of the world——.

In this last sentiment my best friend was uppermost in my thoughts!

But wherefore do I think of arms and *Dulcinea*—when, alas, my spear is grown rusty, and is fit only to be hung in the old family-hall, among pistols without *cocks*, and helmets that have lost their vizards.

As for my health, which you so kindly inquire after—I cannot brag of it——it is not so well with me this year as it was the last—and I fear I have little on my side but laughter and good spirits! These have stood me in great stead for twenty years past, how long they may be able to keep the field, and prolong the combat—for at best it is but prolonging a contest which must at last end in their defeat——I know not!——Nevertheless, for the days that are past, as well as those which are to come, I will eat my bread in peace: And be it but bread and water, and I have such a friend as you, I will find a way, some how or other, to make merry over it.

Adieu,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO ——————.

I SNATCH half an hour, while my dinner is getting ready, to tell you I am thus far on my way to Shandy-hall:—Two more stages and I shall be at the *end of a tedious* journey.——Report, for the

fourth time, has numbered me with the dead ;—— and it was generally believed in this part of the world, that my bones were laid in classic ground. —This I do not much wonder at—for, to make the best of it, my constitution is but a scurvy one, and to keep the machine a going a little longer, has been the only motive for my running away from my friends and my country so much as I have done of late ;——though weak as it is, it has some how or other weathered more storms than many a stouter one has been able to do :——Could I but transform myself into a bird of passage, and go and come with the summer—I think I should give the lie to a few more reports of this nature—before I am called in good earnest to make a report of myself and all my actions to the Being who made me.

The book of engravings, which I left with you, I must recommend to your care for a few weeks longer :—Nay, —if you think they are worthy your acceptance—keep them for ever !—for to tell you the truth, I have now no occasion for them :—This is rather an ungracious way of making an offering, but you will excuse me when I tell you,—that the dear young lady, at whose feet I intended to lay them down,—and for whose sake I had preserved them with so much care, is gone to that country from whence no one returns.—Genius,—wit,—beauty,—goodness,—all, all were united in her !—Every virtue,—every grace !—I could write for ever on such a theme—but I must have done.

Surely the pleasures which arises from contemplating such characters,—embracing the urn which contains their ashes,—and shedding the tears of friendship over it—-are far, far superior to the highest joys of sense,—or sensuality.

If you do not like the last word,—I pray you be so kind as to scratch it out ;—for that is a liberty I have never yet ventured to take myself with any thing I write. Adieu,——adieu.

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER IX.

——I BEHELD her tender look—her pathetic eye petrified my fluids—the liquid dissolution drowned those once-bright orbs—the late sympathetic features, so pleasing in their harmony, are now blasted—withered——and are dead;——her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity.—Yes——my friend——our once sprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that must thrill your soul.—How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance.——Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a Demon!——first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory—when villany gets the ascendency it seldom leaves the wretch 'till it has thoroughly polluted him——T—— once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep-laid scheme, so far ingratiated himself into the good graces of the old man——that even he, with all his penetration and experience, (of which old folks generally pique themselves) could not perceive his drift, and like the goodness of his own heart, believed him honorable:——Had I known his pretensions——I would have flown on the wings of friendship——of regard——of affection——and rescued the lovely innocent from the hands of the spoiler:——Be not alarmed at my declaration——I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection;——but it is of a more delicate stamp, than the gross materials nature has planted in us for procreation—I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her still—I would love the whole sex were they equally deserving—taking her by the hand—the other thrown round her waist,—after an

intimacy allowing such freedoms——with a look deceitfully pleasing, the villain poured out a torrent of protestations——and tho' oaths are sacred—swore, with all the fortitude of a conscientious man—the depth of his love—the height of his esteem—the strength of his attachment;—by these,and other artful means to answer his abandoned purpose (for which you know he is but too well qualified)—— gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brightest jewel.—Oh England! where are your senators?—— where are your laws?—Ye heavens! where rests your deadly thunder?—why are your bolts restrained from o'erwhelming with vengeance this vile seducer.——I,—my friend,—I, was the minister sent by justice to revenge her wrongs—revenge—I disclaim it—to redress her wrongs.—The news of affliction flies—I heard it, and posted to ——, where forgetting my character—this is the style of the enthusiast—it most became my character—I saw him in his retreat—I flew out of the chaise—caught him by the collar—and in a tumult of passion—demanded:——Surely, if anger is excusable, it must be when it is excited by a detestation of vice.——I demanded him to restore:——Alas! what was not in his power to return.—Vengeance!—and shall these vermin—these spoilers of the fair—these murderers of the mind—lurk and creep about in dens, secure to themselves,and pillage all around them?——Distracted with my rage—I charged him with his crime —exploded his baseness—condemned his villany— while coward guilt sat on his sullen brow, and, like a criminal conscious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear. He hoped means might be found for a sufficient atonement——offered a tender of his hand as a satisfaction, and a life devoted to her service as a recompence for his error.——His humiliation struck me——'twas the only means he could have contrived to assuage my anger.——I hesitated ——paused——thought——and still must think on

so important a concern :—Assist me——I am half afraid of trusting my Harriot in the hands of a man, whose character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's——He all fire and dissipation ;——she all meekness and sentiment !——nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation ;——the offer proceeds more from surprise or fear, than justice and sincerity.——The world——the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a cast-off from society.

Let her—I had rather see her thus, than miserably linked for life to a lump of vice.——She shall retire to some corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in sorrow—forgetting the wretch who has abused her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who consoles her in retirement. You, my dear Charles, shall bear a part with me in the delightful task of whispering "peace to those who are in trouble, and healing the broken in spirit."

Adieu,

L. STERNE.

LETTER X.

TO * * * *

SIR,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendship has laid upon me, and if it should never be in my power to make you a recompence, I hope you will be recompensed at the "Resurrection of the just."—I hope, sir, we shall both be found in that catalogue ;—and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith even "Against hope."—I think there is, at least as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the "Heaven *where we would be*," as there was of the old Patri-

arch's having a child by his old wife. There is not any person living or dead, whom I have so strong a desire to see and converse with as yourself:—Indeed I have no inclination to visit, or say a syllable to but a few persons in this lower vale of vanity and tears beside you :——But I often derive a peculiar satisfaction in conversing with the ancient and modern dead,—who yet live and speak excellently in their works.——My neighbors think me *often alone*,—— and yet at such times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes——each of whom, at my pleasure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb signs—quite as intelligibly as any person living can do by *uttering* of words.—They always keep the distance from me which I direct——and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I please. I lay hands on fifty of them sometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like—they never complain of ill-usage,---and when dismissed from my presence,—tho' ever so abruptly-----take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed—nor such liberty to be taken----with the living :------We are bound----in point of good manners to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for entrance, and dispense with all the nonsense or impertinence which they broach 'till they think proper to with-draw: Nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently opposing their sentiments without exciting their disgust, and being in danger of their splenetic representation after they have left us !

I am weary of talking to the *many*—who though quick of hearing—are so " Slow of heart to believe" ——propositions which are next to self-evident ;— you and I were not cast in *one mould*,——corporal comparison will attest it,—and yet we are fashioned so much alike, that we may pass for twins——were it possible to take an inventory of all our sentiments and feelings—just and unjust—holy and impure—*there* would appear as little difference between them *as there* is between instinct and reason,—or—wit

and madness, the barriers which separate these—like the real essence of bodies—escape the piercing eye of metaphysics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a straight line, which is said to have length without breadth.—O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to instruct other aggregates, be as candid as the sage whom ye pretend to revere—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing !

——I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different subjects—my mountain will be in labor 'till I see you—and then—what then ?—why you must expect to see it bring forth —— a mouse.—I therefore beseech you to have a watchful eye to the cats ; —but it is said that mice were designed to be killed by cats.——Cats to be worried by dogs &c. &c. —This may be true——and I think I am made to be killed by my own cough,——which is a perpetual plague to me ;—what in the name of sound lungs, has my cough to do with you——or—you with my cough !

I am sir, with the most

Perfect affection and esteem

Your humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTERS

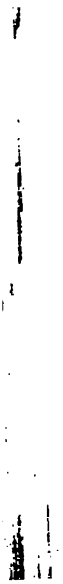
FROM

YORICK to ELIZA.

PUBLISHED BY

AN ANONYMOUS EDITOR.

IN M, DCC, LXXV.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the preface prefixed to the first edition of these Letters, which appeared in the year 1775, and were then dedicated to lord Apsley (the present Earl Bathurst) the editor remarks, that he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East Indies; from the testimony of many reputable families in London, who knew and loved Eliza, caressed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between them; from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which were fully sufficient to authenticate them.

He then proceeds to observe, that "as the public is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these Letters which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citizen; that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honorable mention is made, or the Editor is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which, as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection; he persuades himself that no party concerned will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered that without such information it would be cold and unentertaining; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it, he would himself fail in his duty to the public.

"ELIZA, (the Editor continues) the lady to whom these Letters are addressed, is Mrs. ELIZABETH DRAPER, *wife* of Daniel Draper, Esq. Counsellor

at Bombay, and at present Chief of the English factory at Surat; a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe. She is by birth an East-Indian; but the circumstance of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. STERNE. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of; he loved her as a friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. JAMES, so frequently and honorably mentioned in these Letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city.

Miss LIGHT, now Mrs. STRATON, was accidentally a passenger in the same ship with Eliza, and instantly engaged her friendship and esteem; but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letters to Mr. Sterne, in somewhat of a comparative manner with herself, his partiality for her, as she modestly expressed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into some expressions: The coarseness of which cannot be excused. Mrs. Draper declares that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely superior to his idea of her: She has been lately married to George Straton, Esq. councellor at Madrass*. ——The manner † in which Mr. Sterne's acquain-

* *She is since dead.*

† *See Letter III.*

ence with the celebrated Lord Bathurst, * the friend and companion of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steel, and all the finest wits of the last age, commenced, cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader: It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modesty was invincible to all the editor's endeavors to obtain her answers to these letters: Her wit, penetration, and judgment, her happiness, in the epistolary style, so rapturously commended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertainment for the public. He could not help telling her, that he wished to God she was really possessed of that vanity with which she was charged, to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspected that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the public eye; for although Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too. With this answer he was obliged to be contented.

The reader will remark that these letters have various signatures; sometimes he signs Sterne, sometimes Yorick, and to one or two he signs her Bramin. Although it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet, lest any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe, that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast comes the priests so famous for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expose themselves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call him her Bramin, which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, uses as a signature.——

It remains only to take some notice of the family, marked with asterisks, on whom Mr. Sterne has

* *Father of the present Earl of Bathurst.*

thought proper to shed the bitterest gall of his pen. It is however evident, even from some passages in the letters themselves, that Mrs. Draper * could not be easily prevailed on to see this family in the same odious light in which they appeared to her perhaps over-zealous friend. He, in the heat, or hurry of his affection, might have accepted suspicious circumstances as real evidences of guilt, or listened too unguardedly to the insinuations of their enemies.

* *As the curiosity of the reader may probably be excited to inquire concerning the fate of this lady, it is thought necessary to mention, that she hath been dead some years; and it is with regret we add, that some circumstances which attended the latter part of her life are said to have reflected no credit either on her prudence or discretion.*

LETTERS

FROM

YORICK TO ELIZA.

LETTER I.

LIZA will receive my books with this: The
Sermons came all hot from my heart: I wish
I could give them any title to be offered to
s.——The others came from the head—I am
e indifferent about their reception.
know not how it comes about, but I am half in
with you——I ought to be wholly so; for I
r valued (or saw more good qualities to value)
ought more of one of your sex than of you; so
u,

Yours, faithfully,
if not affectionately,
L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

CANNOT rest, Eliza, though I shall call on
you at half past twelve, till I know how you do.
-May thy dear face smile, as thou risest, like
sun of this morning. I was much grieved to
of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and
ppointed too at not being let in.——Remember,
dear, that a friend has the same right as a phy-
ıı. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say
rwise——No matter! Delicacy and propriety
ıot always consist in observing their frigid doc-
s.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven: When I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LETTER III.

I GOT thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from my lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year he says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine——You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.——The manner in which his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite.——He came up to me, one day, as I was at the princess of Wales's court "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know also who it is that wishes that pleasure. You have heard continued he, of an old lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts; and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again: But you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with

me." This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us.—And a most sentimental afternoon 'till nine o'clock have we passed! But thou Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse.——And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee.——Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.——Assuredly does heaven give strength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment!——Fear nothing, my dear!——Hope every thing; and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing desk; and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties,——Grateful and good girl!—Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency!

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time —how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband, (if he is the good, feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy poor dejected face, with more transport, than he would be able to do, in the best bloom of all thy beauty;——and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miss Light goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.——You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza.——It would civilize savages;——tho' pity were it thou should'st be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter? 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself, and how and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such Eliza, I write to thee,——and so I should ever live with thee most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am all that honor and affection can make me,

Thy BRAMIN.

LETTER. IV.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beside me to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encountered with evils *enow*, without that additional weight! I fear it will *sink thy* poor soul, and body with it, past recovery

—Heaven supply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin, have mixt their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces.——The ****'s, by heavens, are worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name.——How could you, Eliza, leave them, or suffer them to leave you rather with impressions the least favorable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still, thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee.——Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness—For God's sake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with so polluted hearts—— *They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that say so? or their zeal for those attachments, which do thee honor, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame? No———But they *weep*, and say *tender things*.——Adieu to all such for ever. Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.————I honor her, and I honor thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee to the hour of death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee! think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cause I have mentioned! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge; (*though* to me it has never been visible)

because I think in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than the want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—It's now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza.

Thine

YORICK.

LETTER V.

TO whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to her friend who loves her? why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; your piano forte must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guitar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twist your wires with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould.—I shall never hang, nor take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes.

I have written, also to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I *have*, moreover, given him directions, what sort of

an arm chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! It would be a state of happiness to me.——The journal is as it should be ——all but its contents, poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you: For I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of **** ; there was cause ; and besides a good heart ought not to love a bad one ; and, indeed cannot. But adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James—— She loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly.———— She is alarmed for thee——She says thou looked'st most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell.——May the God of kindness be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Farewel, farewel, Eliza ; whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAREST ELIZA!

I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: But few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till then, thou wavest thy hand, and bidest me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what sort of fortitude Heaven inspires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal, with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds.——Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God! consider the anguish of a poor girl——Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has got your picture, and likes it: but Mariot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that her's is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher.——In the one, you are dressed in

smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;——in the other, simple as a vestal ——appearing the good girl nature made you! which to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.——If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavored to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than common care, the day you sat for Mrs. James——Your color too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me ——knowing, as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes, that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before—— when I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (tho' fashionable) disfigured you. ——But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one. You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenthpart of your beholders,—but there are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there, (nor ever will be) that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend in consequence, of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely *give him five* hundred pounds, (if money could pur-

chase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.——I would not give nine pence for the picture of you, the Newnhams have got executed—it is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face, (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friends false taste. The ——'s who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or sticking like pitch, or birdlime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. —— on Friday.——She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh, to-night——she answered, she did not go.——She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again

to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee thro' every watch of it.

Adieu.

LETTER VII.

I THINK you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions: And that before Miss Light, has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her. ——Now I think it a thousand times more likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the same room; and an amorous son of Mars besides!——"*It can no* "*be masser.*"—The sun if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it. Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every such situation you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honor, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too, out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.——

I fear the best of your ship-mates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which thou must behold them. So was—you know who!——from the same fallacy that was put upon the

ment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and distant, it is enough; and as much as it is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice;——thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial!——Best of God's works, farewel! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend,
YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the cape de Verd Islands—it will reach me some how.——

LETTER. VIII.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

OH! I grieve for your cabin.——And the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing is so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl; and sleep not in it too soon. It will be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy.

I hope you will have left the ship; and that my letters may meet, and greet you as you get out of your post chaise, at Deal.——When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.——The first eight or nine, are numbered: But I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When

they are got together, in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time ; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them, and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a single stroke of wit or humor ; but they contain something better, and what you will feel more suited to your situation ——a long detail of much advice, truth and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart, in every one of them ; which speak more than the most studied periods ; and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all the labored eloquence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. " May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me."——With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly, and honorably with thee ! I would not mislead thee, I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears.

Remember that while I have life and power, whatever is mine you may stile and think, yours.— Though sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake. ——Money and counters, are of equal use, in my opinion, they both serve to set up with.

I hope thou wilt answer me this letter, but if thou art debared by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee ; and knowing it is such a one as thou would'st have written I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honor, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls ! I will live for thee, and my Lydia—— be rich for the dear children of my heart——gain

wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with them——with thee—and her, in my old age.—— Once for all, adieu. Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to heaven, and recommend myself to heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation "that we may be happy, and meet again; if not in this world in the next."——Adieu, ——I am thine, Eliza affectionately, and everlastingly.

YORICK.

LETTER IX.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone thy voyage to India, for another year——For I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B——has exaggerated matters.—I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.——Should evil befal thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity; or that I shall hate more. He will be an outcast, alien——In which case I will be a father to thy children, my good girl! ——therefore take no care about them.——

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.——Write to your husband——tell him the truth of your case. ——If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.——I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England, arises only from

dread which has entered his brains, that thou
est run him in debt, beyond thy appointments,
that he must discharge them——that such a
ture should be sacrificed for the paltry consi-
tion of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! O my
l that I could, with propriety indemnify him for
y charge even to the last mite, that thou hast
ı of to him! With joy would I give him my
le subsistence.

ou owe much, I allow, to your husband——you
something to appearances, and the opinion of
world; but trust me, my dear, you owe much
wise to yourself.———Return therefore, from
l, if you continue ill.——I will prescribe for
, gratis.———You are not the first woman, by
ıy, I have done so for, with success. I will send
my wife and daughter and they shall carry you,
ursuit of health to the Montpelier, the wells of
neais, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou
ıt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in
ıt corner of the world fancy points out to thee.
: shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose our-
es in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies.——And
ı thou should'st warble to us, as I have once or
ce heard thee.——"I'm lost, I'm lost"——but
should find thee again my Eliza.——Of a simi-
nature to this, was your physician's prescription:
Ise gentle exercise, the pure southern air of
nce, or milder Naples——with the society of
ndly gentle beings. "Sensible man! He cer-
ıly entered into your feelings. He knew the
acy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS
ı ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER
ID. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust
and have your reliance on; may it give you the
lth so enthusiastic a votary to the charming god-
s deserves.

I honor you, Eliza, for keeping secret some
ngs, which if explained, had been a panegyric on
ırself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction

which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity, or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow.——I don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious.——I am sure, while I have my reason it is not,——Talking of widows——— pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob——because I design to marry you myself.——My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already——and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself.——'Tis true, I am ninty-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a dispairity this!——but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humor——Nor Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee my wife elect! All those names eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in answer to this, that you approve and honor the proposal, and that you would (like the spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper, than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young——— Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,
TRISTRAM.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death.———I was ill the last time I wrote to you; and apprehensive of what would be the conse-

quence.——My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor fine spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy Indian handkerchiefs with it.———It came I think, from my heart! I fell asleep, through weakness. At six I awoke; with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of indolence, and that thou camest into the room, with a shaul in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing.——With that you folded the shaul about my waist and kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! "But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle." ——Dear girl! I see thee,—thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort.—And when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears———Bless *me*, even *me* also, my father!"——Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza——I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination, that "all will terminate to our heart's content." Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, "that the best of beings (as thou hast sweetly expressed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, have produced such a chain of events merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engaged in them." The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed. I wish my memory did justice to the

wording of it.—Who taught you the art of wr
so sweetly, Eliza ?——You have absolutely ex
it to a science ? When I am in want of ready
and ill health will permit my genius to exert i
I shall print your letters, as finished essays "b
unfortunate Indian lady." The style is new ;
would almost be a sufficient recommendation
their selling well without merit—but their s
and natural ease, and spirit is not to be equalled
lieve in this section of the globe ; nor, I will an
for it, by any of your country women in yours.
I have showed your letters to Mrs. B—, and t
the literati in town.—You shall not be angry
me for it, because I do you honor by it.—You
not imagine how many admirers your epist
productions have gained you, that never vi
your external merits. I only wonder where
could'st acquire thy graces, thy goodness, th
complishments—so connected ! so educated !
ture has, surely studied to make thee her pe
care—for thou art (and not in my eyes alon
best and fairest of all his works.——

And so this is the last letter thou art to re
from me : Because the Earl of Chatham (I
in the papers) is got to the Downs ;* * ar
wind, I find, is fair. If so—blessed woman !
my last, last farewel !——Cherish the rememb
of me ; think how I esteem, nay how affectio
I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee ! A
adieu ! and with my adieu——let me give the
straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard
my lips in a thousand forms——but I concen
in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more Eliza ! May no angui
heart, plant a wrinkle on thy face, till I beh
again ! May no doubt or misgivings disturb t

* *April* 7, 1767.

tenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children——for they are Yorick's——and Yorick is thy friend for ever!——Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them——so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee! May'st thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine thy night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return.——

FARE THEE WELL!

END OF THE LETTERS FROM YORICK TO ELIZA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following LETTERS have never before been published in any edition of the works of the Rev. Mr. STERNE, to our knowledge; and by some have been considered as spurious. Without taking upon ourselves to determine their authenticity, they are now added to this first American edition, in order to render it as complete and as acceptable to the public as any imported.

Editor of the American edition.

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

Mr. LAURENCE STERNE.

TO W. C. ESQ.

Coxwould, July 1, 1764.

I AM safe arrived at my bower—and I trust that you have no longer any doubt about coming to embower it with me. Having, for six months together, been running at the ring of pleasure, you will find that repose here which, all young as you are, you ought to want. We will be witty, or classical, or sentimental, as it shall please you best. My milk-maids shall weave you garlands; and every day after coffee I will take you to pay a visit to my nuns. Do not, however, indulge your fancy beyond measure, but rather let me indulge mine, or, at least, let me give you the history of it, and the fair sisterhood who dwell in one of its visionary corners. Now, what is all this about? you'll say—have a few moments patience, and I will tell you.

You must know then, that, on passing out of my back door, I very soon gain a path, which, after conducting me through several verdant meadows and shady thickets, brings me, in about twenty minutes, to the ruins of a monastery, where, in times long

past, a certain number of cloistered females had devoted their—lives—I scarce know what I was going to write—to religious solitude.—This saunter of mine, when I take it, I call *paying a visit to my nuns*.

It is an awful spot—a rivulet flows by it, and a lofty bank, covered with wood, that rises abruptly on the opposite side, gives a gloom to the whole, and forbids the thoughts, if they were ever so disposed, from wandering away from the place. Solitary sanctity never found a nook more appropriated to her nature!—It is a place for an antiquary to sojourn in for a month—and examine with all the spirit of rusty research. But I am no antiquary, as you well know——and, therefore, I come here upon a different and a better errand—that is——to examine myself.

So I lean, lackadaysically, over a gate, and look at the passing stream—and forgive the spleen, the gout, and the envy of a malicious world. And, after having taken a stroll beneath mouldering arches, I summon the sisterhood together, and take the fairest among them, and sit down with her on a stone beneath a bunch of alders—and do—what! you'll say—why I examine her gentle heart, and see how it is attuned; I then guess at her wishes, and play with the cross that hangs at her bosom——in short—I make love to her.

Fie, for shame! Tristram—that is not as it ough to be:—Now I declare, on the contrary, that it i exactly what it ought to be; for, though philoso phers may say, among the many other foolis things philosophers have said, that a man who is i love is not in his right senses—I do assert, in oppo sition to all their saws and see-saws, that he is neve in his right senses, or I would rather say his righ sentiments, but when he is pursuing some *Dulcine* or other. If that should be the case with you at thi moment, I will forgive your staying from me; bu if this letter should find you at the instant whe your last flame is blown out, and before a new on

ghted up, and you should not take post and
e to me and my nuns, I will abuse you in their
e and my own, to the end of the chapter—tho'
lieve, after all, at the end of the chapter, I
ıld feel myself.

affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

Coxwould, July 17,

AND so you have been at the seats of t
ed.—If I could have guessed at such
tention, I would have contrived that somet
an epistolary shape should have met you
with half a dozen lines recommending yo
care of the *Master of Jesus*.—He was m
when I was at college, and a very good kind
He used to let me have my way, when I wa
his direction, and that showed his sense, fo
born to travel out of the common road, an
aside from the highway path, and he ha
enough to see it, and not to trouble me wit
mels. I was neither made to be a *thill-hors*
fore-horse; in short I was not made to go in
but to amble along as I liked; and so that I
kick, or splash, or run over any one, who
name of common sense has a right to interru
—Let the good folks laugh if they will, an
good may it do them. Indeed, I am per
and I think I could prove, nay, and I would
I were writing a book instead of a letter, the t
what I once told a very great statesman, ora
litician, and as much more as you please—*th*
ry time a man smiles—much more so—when he
—it adds something to the fragment of life.

But the staying five days at Cambridge d
come within the immediate reach of my craz
prehension, and you might have employe
time much, much better, in urging your
some tits towards Coxwould.

I may suppose that you have been picking a hole in the skirts of Gibb's cumbrous architecture, or measuring the facade of Trinity college library, or peering about the gothic perfections of King's college chapel, or, which was doing a better thing, sipping tea and talking sentimentally with the Miss Cookes, or disturbing Mr. Gray with one of your enthusiastic visits—I say *disturbing* him, for with all your own agreeableness, and all your admiration of him, he would rather have your room than your company. But mark me, I do not say this to his glory, but to his shame. For I would be content with any room, so I had your company.

But tell me, I beseech you, what you did with S—— all this time. The looking at the heavy walls of muzzing colleges, and gazing at the mouldy pictures of their founders, is not altogether in his way; nor did he wander where I have whilom wandered, on Cam's all verdant banks with willows crowned, and call the muse: Alas, he'd rather call a waiter—and how such a milksop as you could travel—I mean be suffered to travel, two leagues in the same chaise with him, I know not—but from that admirable and kind pliability of spirit which you possess whenever you please, but which you do not always please to possess. I do not mean that a man should wear a court dress when he is going to a puppet-show; but, on the other hand, to keep the best suit of embroidery for those only whom he loves, though there is something noble in it, will never do. The world, my dear friend, will not let it do. For while there are such qualities in the human mind as ingratitude and duplicity, unlimited confidence and this patriotism of friendship, which I have heard you rave and rant about is a very dangerous business.

I could preach a sermon on the subject—to say the truth, I am got as grave as if I were in my pulpit. Thus are the projects of this life destroyed. When I took up my pen, my humor was gay, frisky, and

fanciful—and now I am sliding into all the see-saw gravity of soleman councils. I want nothing but an ass to look over my pales and set up a braying to keep me in countenance.

Leave, leave your Lincolnshire seats, and come to my dale; S——, I know, is heartily tired of you. Besides I want a nurse, for I am not quite well, and have taken to milk-coffee. Remember me, however, to him kindly, and to yourself cordially, for

I am yours, most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

TO W. C. ESQ.

Coxwould, Aug. 5, 1764.

AND so you sit in S——'s temple and drink tea, and converse classically :—Now I should like to know what is the nature of this disorder which you call classicality ;—if it consists in a rage to converse on ancient subjects in a modern manner ; or on modern subjects in an ancient one ;—or are you both out of your senses, and do you fancy yourselves with Virgil and Horace at Sinuessa, or with Tully and Atticus at Tusculum ? Oh how it would delight me to peep at you from behind a laurel bush, and see you surrounded with columns and covered by a dome, quaffing the extract of a Chinese weed, and talking of men who boasted the inspiration of the Falernian grape !

What a couple of vapid, inert beings you must be !—I should really give you up for lost, if it were not for the confidence I have in the reinvigorating powers of my society, to which you must now have immediate recourse, if you wish for a restoration. Make haste then, my good friend, and seek the aid of your physician ere it be too late.

You know not the interest I take in your welfare. Have I not ordered all the linen to be taken out of the press, and rewashed before it was dirty, that you may have a clean table cloth every day, with a napkin into the bargain ? And have I not ordered a kind of windmill, that makes my head ach again with its clatter, to be placed in my fine cherry-tree,

that the fruit may be preserved from the bird
furnish you a dessert? And do you not know
you will have curds and cream for your sup
Think on these things, and let S—— go to Li
sessions by himself, and talk classically with
try justices. In the meantime we will philoso
and sentimentalize;—the last word is a brig
vention of the moment in which it was writte
yours or Dr. Johnson's service,—and you sh
in my study and take a peep into the world a
a show-box, and amuse yourself as I prese
pictures of it to your imagination. Thus
teach you to laugh at its follies, to pity its e
and despise its injustice;—and I will introduc
among the rest, to some tender-hearted dam
whose cheeks some bitter affliction has pl
tear;—and having heard her story, you shall
a white handkerchief from your pocket to wi
moisture from her eyes, and from your own
And then you shall go to bed, not to the dams
with an heart conscious of those sentiments
possessed of those feelings, which will give so
to your pillow, sweetness to your slumber
gladness to your waking moments.

You shall sit in my porch, and laugh at atti
tibules. I love the classics as well as any
ought to love them,—but among all their fine
ings, their fine writings, and their fine verses,
most enthusiastic admirer would not be able t
me half a dozen stories that have any sentim
them,—and so much for that.

If you don't come soon, I shall set about ar
volume of Tristram without you. So God
you, for

I am yours most truly,

L. STER

LETTER IV.

TO ——

Coxwould, near Easingwould, Aug. 8, 1764.

I AM grieved for your downfall, though it was only out of a park-chair—May it be the last you will receive in this world; though, while I write this wish, my heart heaves a deep sigh, and I believe it will not be read by you, my friend, without a similar accompaniment.

Alas! alas! my dear boy, you are born with talents to soar aloft with; but you have an heart, which, my apprehensions tell me, will keep you low.—I do not mean, you know I do not, any thing base or grovelling;—but, instead of winging your way above the storm, I am afraid that you will calmly submit to its rigors, and house yourself afterwards in some humble shed, and there live contented, and chaunt away the time, and be lost to the world.

How the wind blows I know not; and I have not an inclination to walk to my window, where, perhaps, I might catch the course of a cloud and be satisfied,—but here I am up to my knees—I should rather say up to my heart, in a subject, which is ever accompanied with some afflicting vaticination or other. I am not afraid of your doing any wrong but to yourself. A secret knowledge of some circumstances which you have never communicated to me, have alarmed my affection for you—not from any immediate harm they can produce, but from the conviction they have forced upon me, concerning

your disposition, and the nicer parts of your chara
If you do not come soon to me, I shall take the w
of some fine morning and fly to you; but I sh
rather have you here; for I wish to have you al
and if you will let me be a *Mentor* to you for
little month, I will be content—and you shall
Mentor to me the rest of the year; or if you
the rest of my days.

I long, most anxiously, my dear friend, to
you—not to give an opiate to those sensibilit
your nature, which make me love you as I do
to check your glowing fancy, that gives such
to polish'd youth; nor to yield the beverage
fountain for the nectar of the cask; but to us
world no better, or to please you a very little b
than it deserves.—But think not, I beseech you
I would introduce my young *Telemachus* to s
foul and squint-eyed piece of pollution as susp
Avaunt to such a base ungenerous passion! I
sooner carry you to *Calypso* at once, and give y
least a little pleasure for your pains. But th
a certain little spot to be found somewhere i
mid-way between trusting every body and tr
nobody; and so well am I acquainted with th
gitudes, latitudes, and bearings of this world of
that I could put my finger upon it, and direc
at once to it; and I think I could give you sc
ny good reasons why you should go there, tha
would not hesitate to set off immediately,
would accompany you thither, and serve as a
rone to you. I wish therefore much, very mu
talk with you about that and other serious mat

As for your bodily infirmity, never mind it
may come here by gentle stages, and w
inconvenience; and I will be your surgeon, o
nurse: And warm your verjuice every ev
and bathe your sprain with it, and talk of
things. So tell me, I pray you, the day tha
to meet you at York. In the mean time, and a
may a good Providence protect you—It is t
cere wish of your affectionate, L. STER

LETTER V.

TO W. C. ESQ.

Wednesday Morning.

THIS letter will meet you at Hewit's, instead of myself; for I have taken some how or other, and I know not how, a very violent cold, and cannot come; and as I would receive you with my best looks, if possible, as well as my best welcome, I am nursing myself into some sort of restoration against your arrival; though my cough torments me without mercy, and I am so hoarse at this moment, that I can scarce make myself heard across my table.

This phthisic of mine will sooner or later, and, perhaps, sooner than either I or you, my friend, may think, bear me to my last asylum from a splenetic world. You will say, perhaps, that I am splenetic also in my turn by writing thus *gravely*;—— but as I well know this vile cough is the engine which that scare-crow death employs to shatter my poor frame, and bring it to his dominion, how can I be merry or satisfied?—It is true, I love laughing and merry-making, and all that, as well as any soul upon earth; nevertheless, I cannot think of piping and taboring it out of the world, like the figures in *Holbein's dance*. Besides, I have been so used to my own way, that I don't like to be put out of it, by being made to cough so villainously as I do, more than half my time. It is most inurbane in him,—by heaven, it is cowardly in the rascal, to rob me of those spirits, with which I have so often defeated him.

And this is not all,—for I have forty volumes more

to write ; nay, and have absolutely promised the world to do it ; and I have my engagements to you as well as to the world—and to myself as well as to you both ; and how shall I keep my word as an author and a gentleman, and what is of more consequence than either——as a friend,—if I cannot shake off this piece of anatomy ? Besides, no one can do these things for me but myself ; the business is beyond all power of attorney ; for if I were to leave fifty executors to my last will and testament, and if they were to be joined by a regiment of administrators and assigns, they could not take up their pens and do as I would do.

But what a wayward fancy mine is !—and with what a seducing pen am I writing—for I am got leagues without number from the idea which danced before me, when I first began this letter. And here I am wrong again :—For what great distance can there be between the grave of my grandfather and my own ; and it was to his tomb that I wished to conduct you !

I know full well, that all sprained as your ancle may be, it will be wholly impossible for you to pass through York, without popping your head into its cathedral, and indulging your mind with a few of those reflections which such a building is calculated to inspire. Now, when you are there, tell a verger to conduct you to the tomb of Archbishop Sterne. He is the same whose picture you saw at Cambridge, and which you were pleased to say, bore so strong a resemblance to me. In the marble whole length figure which dignifies the monument, you will find the likeness still stronger : And if I drop in this corner of the world, I should like to be deposited in that corner of the church, and sleep out my last sleep beside my pious ancestor.

He was an excellent prelate and an honest man : —I have not half his virtues, if report speaks true of us both, which, for his sake, I hope it does—and for my own, I hope it does not. Though to use an

ession which dropped from the lips and at the
of a brother *Arch* prelate of his, and one of his
essors, " My ideas are sometimes rather too
derly for a man *in orders*." In his Grace's
io ad clerum, I do not find myself a very prin-
figure, but in his private hours, he is always
cordial to me.
he day after to-morrow, I shall hope to em-
e you at my gate; till then, my dear friend,
God bless you—and always.

Yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VI.

TO ———

Coxwould, Monday Morning.

I SHALL forgive the tardiness of your passage hither, if it be true, as a still small voice of a York gossip has informed me, that you repose, with your infirm limb, on a sofa, in Mrs. ———'s withdrawing room, and have your coffee and tea handed you by her two daughters, and one of them has charms enough for the three Graces—and that they play on their harpsichord, and, with voices stolen from heaven, sing duets to you, while you, stretched on damask, command, as it were, that little world of beauty and good sense which surrounds you.

You cannot, my good friend, have known the charming people, with whom you are so happy, more than eight and forty hours at most. Now I make this observation, merely to have the pleasure of making another, which is, that you have learned the art, and a very comfortable one it is, of setting yourself at ease with worthy spirits, when you have the good fortune to meet them. Indeed, I may claim the credit of having taught you the maxim, that life is too short to be long in forming the tender and happy connections of it. 'Tis a miserable waste of time, as well as a very base business, to be looking at each other, as an usurer looks at a security, to find a flaw in it. No:—If you meet a heart worth being admitted into, and you really feel yourself worthy of admission, the matter is arranged in five hours, as well as five years.

Hail, ye gentle sympathies, that can approach two amiable hearts to each other, and chase every

discordant idea from an union that nature has designed by the same happy colouring of character that she has given them!—But *lucus a non lucendo*—I have received a kind of *dish dash* sort of letter from Garrick—out of which all my chemistry cannot extract a sympathic atom. I am glad, however, to have an opportunity of writing a short answer to him, that I may address a long postcript to his *cara sposa*.

I love Garrick on the stage, better than any thing in the world, *except Mrs. Garrick off it*; and if there is any one heart in the world I should like to get a corner of—it would be hers. But I am too great a sinner to do more than approach the portal of so much excellence—there to bend one knee at least, and ejaculate at a distance from the altar.

I have often thought on what this spirit of idolatry, which is continually bearing me to the feet of some fair image or other, will do with me twenty years hence; and whether, after having had, during my younger days, a damsel to smooth my pillow—I should find one, in my age, to put on my slipper. However, I need not trouble myself or you about these conjectures; for I well know there is not life in me to make the experiment.

This instant brings me a letter from your kind hostess, who is determined not to let you go till I come to fetch you.—To-morrow, by noon, therefore, I shall embrace you, and her—and—the damsels.

I am, most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO ———, ESQ.

Crazy Castle.

THOUGH I hope and trust you believe that I am not only disposed to laugh with those who laugh, but to weep with those who weep ;—— yet it is most true, my dear friend, that I could not but smile as I read the account you sent me of your distress and disappointment ; and when I gave your letter to *Hall*, for you see I am at *Crazy Castle*, he laughed the tears into his eyes.

Now you must not suppose, nor can you imagine, that either of us trifled with your sufferings, for you know I love you, and *Hall* says you are a lad of promise ; but we were merry at the amiable simplicity of your nature, in wondering that there is ever any villainy in a villainous world ; and at the idea, how little a time you were destined to possess that delicious—for I will call it with all its scrapes and duperies, a delicious sentiment. You have just opened the volume of life, and startle to find a blot in the first page ; alas ! alas ! as you proceed, you will find whole pages so blotted and blurred, that you will scarce be able to distinguish the characters. 'Tis a sorry business I must confess, to plant suspicion in a breast that has never known it, and to check the glow of hope which animates the beginning of the journey, by pointing out the interruptions and dangers that will be necessarily encountered in the course of it : But this is the duty of friendship, and arises from the nature of

our existence and the state of the world. If, however, after all, you can acquire an useful experience, and be taught to put yourself on your guard, at the expense of a few score guineas, you have made a good bargain :—So be content, and no more of your complainings.

But you will tell me, perhaps, that it is not the matter of the loss, but the manner of it, that you consider as a misfortune : The being treated so ill, and with so much ingratitude, is the business that afflicts you. *Hall*, who is still laughing, bids me tell you for your comfort, that he who *dupes* must be a *rascal* ; and he who is duped may be an *honest man ;* but he is a *cynic*, and administers his dose in his own way. Now, was I to console you in mine, I should tell you, that gratitude is not so common a virtue in the world as it ought to be, for all our sakes :: But ingratitude, my dear friend, is not an offspring of the present moment ; it seems to have existed from the beginning, and will continue to disgrace the world when we have long been in the valley of Jehosaphat :—Nay, you must have read—indeed I know that I have written a sermon upon the subject——that of the lepers who were healed, but *one* returned to give thanks for his restoration. I do not, however, tell you these things that you may find consolation in the miserable habits of mankind, but that you may not suppose yourself worse used than the rest of the world, which is very common with young men like yourself, who feel at every pore, and have not yet had that collision with untoward circumstances which awakens caution, or begets patience.

And so much for you and your miseries, which I doubt not will have been dissipated by the bewitching smiles of some fair damsel or other, before my grave see-saw letter shall reach you. Let me know, I beg of you, your plan of operations for the winter, if you have one. You may, I think—though you may think otherwise—fly from the joys and damps

of this ungenial climate, and winter serenely with me in Languedoc; your company would do me good, and mine would do you no harm:—At least I think so; and we shall return to London time enough to peep in at Ranelagh, and look at the birth-day. In short, write to me upon the subject, and direct to me here, for here I am to be during this shooting month of September; so God bless you, and give you patience if you want it.

I remain,

Yours, most cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO W—— C——. ESQ.

Coxwould, June 11, 1765

SO *Burton* * really told you with a grave face, and an apparent mortification, that I had ridiculed my Irish friends at Bath for an hour together, and had made a large company merry at *Lady Lefel's* † table during an whole afternoon at their expense. By heavens, 'tis false as misrepresentation can make it. It is not in my nature, I trust, to be so ungrateful, as I should be, if absent or present, I were to be ungracious to them. That I should make *Burton* look grave, whose countenance is formed to mark the smiles of an amiable and an honest heart, is not within my chapter of possibilities:—I am sure it is not in that of my intentions to say any thing that is imurbane of such a man as he is——for, in my life, did I never communicate with a gentleman of qualities more winning, and dispositions more generous. He invited me to his house with kindness, and he gave me a truly graceful welcome; for it was with all his heart. He is as much formed to make society pleasant as any one I ever saw; and I wish he were as rich as Crœsus, that he might do all the good an unbounded generosity would lead him to do. I never passed more pleasant hours in my life than with him and his fair countrywoman; and foul befall the man who should let drop a word in dispraise of him or them!—— And there is the charming widow *Moor*, where, if I had not a piece of legal meadow of my own, I should rejoice to batten the rest of my days;—and the gentle elegant *Gore*, with her fine form and Grecian face, and whose lot I trust it will be to make some man happy, who knows the value of a tender heart:

* *The late amiable and excellent* Lord Conyngham.

† *The late Lady Mulgrave.*

—Nor shall I forget another widow, the interesting Mrs. Vesey, with her vocal, and fifty other accomplishments.—I abuse them!—it must not be told,—for it is false,—and it should not be believed, for it is unnatural.—It is true I did talk of them, for an hour together, but no sarcasm or unlucky sallies mingled with my speech.:—Yes, I did talk of them as they would wish to be talked of,—with smiles on my countenance, praise on my tongue, hilarity in my heart, and the goblet in my hand.—Besides, I am myself of their own country:—My father was a considerable time on duty with his regiment in Ireland; and my mother gave me to the world when she was there, on duty with him. I beg of you, therefore, to make all these good people believe that I have been at least misunderstood, for it is impossible that *lady Barrymore* could mean to misrepresent me.

Read *Burton* this letter if you have an opportunity, and assure him of my most cordial esteem and respect for him and all his social excellencies: And whisper something kind and gentle for me, as you well know how, to my fair countrywomen; and let not an unmerited prejudice or displeasure against me remain any longer in their tender bosoms.—When you get into disgrace of any kind, be assured that I will do as much for you.

I am here as idle as ease of heart can make me: I shall wait for you till the beginning of next month; when, if you do not come, I shall proceed to while away the rest of the summer at *Crazy Castle* and *Scarborough*. In the beginning, the very beginning of October, I mean to arrive in Bond-street with my *Sermons;* and when I have arranged their publication, then—hey go mad for Italy—whither you would do well to accompany me.—In the mean time, however, I hope, and wish to see you here; it will after all, be much better than playing the *Strephon* with phthisical nymphs at the Bristol Fountain. *But* do as you may—I am,

Most sincerely yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER IX.

TO ——.

I DID not answer your letter as you desired me, for at the moment I received it, I really thought all my projects, for some time to come, were *burned* to a *cinder*; or, which is the better expression of the two, had evaporated in smoke;—for, not half an hour before an affrighted messenger, on a breathless horse, had arrived to acquaint me, that the parsonage house at —— was on fire, when he came away, and burning like a bundle of faggots; and while I was preparing to set off to see my house, after it was burned down, your letter arrived to console me on my way; for it gave me every assurance that if I were left without any hole to put my head into, or a rag to cover my —— body, you would give me a comfortable room in your house, and a clean shirt into the bargain.

In short, by the carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or some one within his gates, I am an house out of pocket—I say, literally, out of pocket; for I must re-build it at my own cost and charges, or the church of York, who originally gave it me, will do those things, which in good sense ought not to be done; but which the wise-acres who compose it, will tell me they have a right to do. My loss will be upwards of two hundred pounds, with some books, &c. &c.—so that you may now lay aside all your apprehensions about what I shall do with the wealth that my sermons have brought, and are to bring to me. ——I told you *then* that some devilish accident or *other would provide* me with the ends of getting

rid of the means; and I had a cross accident in my head at the time, which I did not communicate to you; but it is not that which has fallen out, nor any thing like it;——though this may fall out too, for aught I know, and then the fee simple of my sermons will be gone for ever.

Now these sermons of mine, were most of them written in the very house that is burned down, and all of them preached, I fear again and again, in the very church to which it belonged; and they now answer a purpose I never dreamed or thought of; but so it is in this world, and thus are things hinged and hung together—or rather unhinged or unhung; for I have my doubts at present, whether we shall see the dying gladiator next winter. The matter, however, that concerns me most in the business, is the strange unaccountable conduct of my poor unfortunate curate, not in *setting fire* to the house, for I do not accuse him of it, God knows, nor any one else; but in *setting off* the moment after it happened, and flying like *Paul* to *Tarsus*, through fear of a prosecution from me.

That the man should have formed such an idea of me, as to suppose me capable, if I did not sooth his sorrows, of adding another to their number, wounded me sorely. For, amidst all my errors and follies, I do not believe there is any thing, in the color or complexion of any part of my life, that would justify the shadow of such an apprehension.—Besides, he deprived me of all the comfort I made out to myself from the misfortune; which was, as it pleased Heaven to deprive him of one house, to take him and his wife and his little one, into another—I mean into that where I lived myself. And he who now reads my heart, and will one day judge me for the secrets of it—he well knows that it did not grow cold within me, on account of the accident, till I was informed that this silly man was a fugitive, from the fear of my wrath.

The family of the C——s were kind to me be-

yond measure, as they have always been. They are a sort of people that you would like extremely; and before the summer is past, I hope to present you to them. Though, if I recollect aright, you know the charming damsel of the house already; and the rest of it, though not so young or so fair, are as amiable as she is——As I cannot leave you in possession of a better subject for your reflection, &c. I shall say adieu, and God bless you.—In a few days you shall hear again from

Your affectionate and faithful

L. STERNE.

I write this from York——where you may write to me.

LETTER X.

TO ————, ESQ.

I HAVE received, my dear friend, your kind answer to my letter. And you must know that it was just such an one as I wished to receive from you: Nay, it was just such an one as I expected you would write to me. I should have been disappointed if it had been in any other form or shape of friendship. But understand me, if you please; I should have been disappointed for your sake, and not for my own: For though I am charmed that you should have made me those unreserved offers of friendship, which are so gracious in you, I am almost as much pleased that my Exchequer is in that state of sufficiency as not to require them.

I have made my bargain for re-building my parsonage, and settled all arrangements with all parties concerned, in a manner more to my satisfaction than I could have expected. I was rather in haste to settle this account, that there might be no risque of leaving my wife and Lydia a dilapidation for their fortune: For I have no reason to believe that the ***of*** would be more kind to them when friendless and unprotected, than they had been to the husband of the one, and the father of the other, who when he was a poor curate, had pride enough to despise their reverences, and wit enough to make others laugh at them. But may God forgive them, as I do!—Amen.

I wrote to *Hall* an account of my disaster;—and his answer bid me find out a *conceit* on the occasion, and comfort myself with it. *Tully*, the orator, the *politician*, the philosopher, the moralist, the consul, &c. &c. &c. adopted, as he candidly tells every one,

who reads his works, this mode of consolation, when he lost his daughter; and, if we may believe him, with success. Now this same *Tully*, you must know, was like my father; I mean *Mr. Shandy*, of *Shandy Hall*, who was as well pleased with a misfortune that gave him an opportunity of displaying his eloquence, as with a *blessing* that obliged him to hold his tongue. Both these great men were fond of conceits, I mean their own; so I will tell you a story of a *conceit*, not of Cicero's nor my father's, but of the lord of *Crazy*.

You must know then, that this same friend of mine, and I may add, of your's also, in a moment of lazy pride, took it into his head that he would have a town chariot, to save his feet by day, and to carry him to Ranelagh in the evening. For this purpose, after consulting a coach-maker, he had allotted *one hundred* and *forty pounds*; and he wrote me word of it. On my arrival in town, about three months after this communication, I found a card of invitation from *Lord Spencer* to dine with him on the following Sunday; and I had no sooner read it, than *Hall's* fine crane-neck'd chariot came bounce as it were, upon my recollection; so I sallied forth to ask him how he did, and to borrow his carriage, that I might pay my visit in pomp as well as *Pontificibus*. I found him at home, made a friendly enquiry or two, and told him of the little arrangement I had formed; when he replied with one of his Cynical smiles, that his mortification was in the extreme, for that his chariot was gone post to Scotland. I stared, and he laughed,—not at me, but at his own *conceit*; and you shall have it, such as it is:

I must inform you then, that at the moment when the coach-maker was receiving his last instructions, he himself received a letter; which letter acquainted him that his son, who was quartered at *Edinburgh*, had got into a terrible riot there; to get out of the *consequences* of which, demanded almost the precise sum that had been destined for the chariot. So

that the *hundred and forty pounds* which had b
set apart to build a chariot in London, were empl
ed to repair broken windows, broken lamps,and b
ken heads, in Edinburgh ; and *Hall* comforted hi
self with the conceit that his chariot was gone f
to *Scotland.* So much for comforts and concei
—and happy is it for us when we can,by any mea
conceit ourselves into comfort. I could say m
upon this matter, but my paper is almost filled ; a
I have only space to express a wish, that your
may never want any of these petty helps to mak
as happy as, if I greatly mistake not, it must be
norable—Let me see you soon ; and in the m
time, and at all times, may God be with you.

Yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE

LETTER XI.

TO ——————, ESQ.

Coxwould, near Easingwould.

YOU are not singular in your opinion about my *wonderful* capacity for poetry.—*Beauclerk*, and *Locke*, and I think *Langton*, have said what you have said on the subject, and founded their opinion, as you have done, on the fragment of an introduction to the Ode to Julia, in Tristram Shandy. The unity of the episode would have been wounded, if I had added another line; and if I had added a dozen, my character as a poetical genius, which, by the bye, I never had, would have been lost for ever—or rather would never have been suspected.

Hall had also similar ideas on this very matter, and, on the strength of his opinion, ventured once to give me an unfinished poem of his own, and bade me go on with it—and so I did, heltering and skeltering at a most terrible rate:—In short, I added some sixty or fourscore lines to the business, which he called doggrel, and which I think he called rightly; however, he chose to let them stand, to use his own phrase, as a curiosity; so into the press they went, and helped to compose the worst squib our crazy friend ever let off. I do not, however, mention these things to lessen the merit of your opinion, by pointing out its similarity to that of others. You need not be ashamed to think with such men, if even they should be wrong, which, on this particular subject, I *most solemnly* believe you all to be. Cum hâc erare *is* something—and all that——

I once, it is true, wrote an epitaph, which I liked myself, but the person, at whose request I did it, sacrificed it to one of his own, which he liked better, but which I did not—so my lines were thrown aside, and his own nerveless rhyme was engraved on a marble, which deserved a better inscription; for it covered the dust of one, whose gentle nature, and amiable qualities, merited more than common praise, or common-place eulogium. However, I shed a tear over the sepulchre, which, if the dead could have known it, would have been more acceptable than the most splendid direction that ever glared on monumental alabaster.

I also wrote a kind of Shandean, sing-song, dramatic piece of rhyme for Mr. *Beard*—and he sung it at Ranelagh, as well as on his own stage, for the benefit of some one or other. He asked for something of the kind, and I knew not how to refuse him; for, a year before, he had in a very respectful manner, and without any previous acquaintance, presented me with the freedom of Covent-Garden Theatre. The act was gracious; and I liked it the better, because the monarch of Drury-Lane had known me for some years, and besides had, and for some time occupied a front seat in my page, before he offered me the freedom—not of Drury-Lane house, but of Drury Lane pit. I told him, on the occasion, that he *acted* great things and *did* little ones:—So he stammered and looked foolish, and performed, at length, with a bad grace, what his rival manager was so kind as to do with the best grace in the world—But no more of that—he is so complete on the stage, that I ought not to mention his patch-work off it.

However, to return to my subject—if I can; for digression is interwoven with my nature; and to get to my point, or find my way back to it, when I *have* wandered aside, as other men do, is not in the *line of* my faculties.—But though I may not be a *poet, the* clerk of my parish is—not absolutely in

r conceit—but, which is better, in that of his ighbors ; and, which is the best of all——in his n. His muse is a professional one, for she only spires him to indite hymns ; and it is appropriate, she leads him to such subjects as are suitable his spiritual office, and which, like those of his ethren *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, may be said or sung churches. In short, there had been a terrible dis- se among the cattle, and our parish had suffered eatly, so that this parochial bard thought it a pro- r subject for a spiritual song, which he according- composed, and gave it out on the Sunday follow- ; to the praise and glory of God, as an hymn of s own composing. Not only the murrain itself, t the sufferers by the calamity, were vociferated ough the aisles in all the pomp and devotion of stic psalmody. The last stanza, which is the on- one I recollect, rather unhinged my devotion, but seemed to rivit that of the congregation, and there- e I had no right to complain. I leave it with u as a *bonne bouche*, and wish you a good night.

Here's Jemmy How has lost a cow,
And so has Johnny Bland ;
Therefore we'll put our trust in God,
And not in any other man.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XII.

TO ——————, ESQ.

Coxwould, Wednesday Night.

I SEND you, my dear friend, as you request it, the epitaph which I mentioned in my last epistle to you. I write it from recollection; and, tho' it may not contain the precise expression, it will certainly possess the sentiment of the original composition——and that is of the most consequence. I remember well it came from the heart, for I most sincerely loved the amiable person, whose virtues deserved a better inscription, and, according to a very common course of things, found a worse. But here it is——

Columns and labor'd urns but vainly show,
An idle scene of fabricated woe:—
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanic arts to force the tear.
In heart felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er an hearse like thine.
'Twill flow while gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Hall liked it, I remember—and *Hall* always knows what ought to be liked, and, in certain humors, will be candid upon these sentimental subjects, and acknowledge that he feels them. He is an excellent scholar and a good critic: But his judgment has more severity than it ought to have, and his taste less delicacy than it should possess. He has, also,

great humanity, but, somehow or other, there is so often such a mixture of sarcasm in it, that there are many who will not believe he has a single scruple of it in his composition.—Nay, I am acquainted with several, who cannot be persuaded but that he is a very insensible, hard-hearted man, which I, who have known him long, and known him well, assure you he is not.—He may not always possess the grace of charity, but he feels the reality of it, and continually performs benevolent actions, tho' not always, I must confess, in a benevolent manner. And here is the grief of the business. He will do a kindness with a sneer, or a joke, or a smile; when, perhaps, a tear, or a grave countenance, at least, would better become him. But this is his way; it is the language of his character; and, tho' one might wish it to be otherwise, yet I cannot tell what right any of us have to pass a severe sentence upon it, for no other reason in the world, but because our own failings are of a different complexion. And so much for all that.

I am preparing to prance it for a week or ten days at *Scarborough*. If you pass your autumn at *Mulgrave Hall*, take that place in your way, and I will accompany you on your visit, and then to *Crazy Castle*, and so home: And then to London—and then God knows where——but it shall be where it pleases him: This is *clerically* said, however, and it would be well for the best of us, if it were thought and considered as often as it was said. But so it is, that the lips and the heart, which ought never to be asunder, are sometimes wandering at different corners of the earth. Mine however, are in the closest conjunction, when I offer you my most affectionate regard. So good night, and may the visions of a good spirit attend you.

Most truly yours

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIII.

TO ——————, ESQ.

Scarborough.

I SHALL not reply, my dear friend, to all the kind things you think and say of me.—I trust, indeed, that I deserve some of them; and I am well pleased to find that you think I deserve them all.—But however that may be, I desire you to cherish those benevolent sentiments which you have so warmly expressed in the paper before me, both for you own sake, and that of the person who is the subject of them.

Your commands, in general, should be obeyed without reflection—but in this particular instance, a rare gleam of prudence has shot across me, and I beg leave to reflect for a few moments on the subject—and were I to take wisdom upon me, and reflect for a few days—the result, I am sure, would be, that I should not obey your commands at all.

The giving advice, my good friend, is the most thankless generosity in the world—because in the first place, it costs you nothing; and, in the next, it is just such a thing as the person to whom you present it will think that he does not want. This, you see, is my way of reasoning; but I believe, from my heart, that it will apply too well to the subject between us.

There are such things in the world as *wrong heads* and *right hearts*—and *wrong hearts* and *right heads*. ——Now, for myself, and speaking under the influence of my own particular feelings, I would rather be of the *right heart* family, with all their blunders,

errors and confusion; but if I want a business to be done, or a plan to be executed, give me the *right head*: —If there is a *right heart* into the bargain, so much the better: But it is upon the *former* that I must rely—and whether the latter be right or wrong, is not a matter of absolute consideration. This is not, my dear friend, quite orthodox, according to your system, but as you proceed, every day will tend to increase the propinquity of this opinion to your own.

Now, I am rather disposed to think, without leaning to the uncharitable side of the question, that poor ———————— is of the *Wrong-head* family. —I know his heart—and I am sure his present scrape arises from the good dispositions of it. Nevertheless, though I think myself a dab at giving good counsel in such cases as his, I cannot bring myself to prescribe on the occasion—It is impossible to do it, without informing him of the nature of his disease, which is neither more nor less then absolute wrong-headedness; and, were I to do it, he would exhibit another symptom of his disorder, by throwing my prescription out of the window, and perhaps threatening the same mischief to the physician himself.

If you have influence sufficient to induce him to apply to me, I will most readily exert my best for him; and I can then do the bitter business, and give the unpalatable dose with a good grace. Here then we will, if you please, let the matter rest for the present.

I write in haste, and on my pillow, that you may, as soon as possible, be acquainted with my sentiments in a matter wherein you have a greater dependence upon me than I fear the event will justify. —So good morning, and God bless you.——

I received a letter, yesterday, from poor dear Lydia.—It is an amiable madcap—and God bless her also.—Once more adieu.

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

Scarborough, Aug. 29, 1765.

YOU refine too much, my dear friend,—you do indeed.—Your reasoning is ingenious, and produces a neat, pretty, plausible train of argument, that would make a figure in a company of female philosophers; but if committed to paper would be pardonable only when written on the fan of some *pedantic Dulcinea*. You run into divisions, when a simple modulation would answer better; that is, would produce more pleasing effects both in yourself, and the sentimental spirit whom you might wish to please.

Opinion, my dear fellow, somehow or other, rules all mankind; and not like a kind master, or, which would be more congenial, a gentle mistress, but like a tyrant whose wish is power, and whose gratification is servility.——Opinion leads us by the ears, the eyes,—and, I had almost said, by the *nose*. It warps our understandings, confounds our judgments, dissipates experience and turns our passions to its purpose. In short, it becomes the governess of our lives, and usurps the place of reason, which it has kicked out of office.—This is among the strange truths which cannot be explained but by that mortifying description which time will display to your experience hereafter, with ten times the credit that would accompany any present endeavors of mine to the same purpose.

If you would know more of the matter and can bring yourself to risque the opinion, which, by the *bye*, I do not advise you to do, ask A—— why he *submits*, with such a placid subservience, to the lit-

tle wench who lives with him? You know—and all his friends know—that he has but half, nay not half the enjoyments of life, through the fear of her vengeance, whatever it may be. He has fortune, understanding, and courage:——He loves society, and adds greatly to the pleasures of it,——and yet, how often does he leave it half-enjoyed! Nay, to come more home to the business, how often has he left our pleasant classical meetings, before they have arisen to their usual glow, in order to humor this little piece of disgrace, whom he has not the resolution to send back to the banks of the Wye, where the fifty pounds a year he might give her, would make her queen of the village!—We pity poor A——, we argue with him, we wonder at him —do we not?—But in this we deceive ourselves,— for the wisest and best of us are governed by some little dirty drab of an opinion, whose governance is equally disgraceful, and may be much more injurious —as it will, perhaps, give a color to the whole current of our lives. A mistress, with all her arts and fascinations, may, in time, be got rid of; but opinion, once rooted, becomes a part of ourselves——it lives and dies with us.

It must be acknowledged, that I have been rather sermonic this fine morning, but you know how and where to apply what has been written, and I leave the whole to your practice, if you think proper; and if you do not—but what have I to do with *ifs?*—It is an exceptious monosyllable, and I fling it from me.

B—— is here, and tells me that he left you continually driving between London and Richmond—What beauty of the Hill has enchanted you there? Or what swan of the silver Thames are you dying for?—I take it very ill of you that you never favor me with a single communication concerning your *Dorothies* or your *Delias:* I protest most seriously that I will never write to you again, till you give me an history of your chains; and who it is has bound you at present on the river's bank—tell me who the *Naiad is.*

Mr. F——, the apostolic E——, as lady —— calls him, in his way to ——, hinted to me something serious. He talked of marriage,—to which I replied, God forbid!—But do not, I pray, be angry with my exclamation; for it was neither a thoughtless or a peevish one, but an impulse of that sincere regard which you more than deserve from me.—With your dispositions, and in your situation, I hardly think there is a woman in the kingdom who would be an happy match for you: And if you think proper to ask me, I will, hereafter, tell you why:—At present I shall content myself with telling you that

I am,

most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XV.

September 9, 1765.

I MEAN, my dear friend, that this epistle should meet you, and greet you, a day or two at least before you leave town; and I wish it, from that spirit of miserable self-interest, which you know governs and directs me in all I do.——But, lest you should not like this reason, I will give you another, and which may be nearer the truth; at least I hope so.

I want very much to know whether B—— has arranged the matter with *Foley*, the banker, at *Paris*, about Mrs. Sterne's remittance, as I ordered him. You must know that I suspect he has been dilatory, not from dishonesty, for I believe him to be as honest a poor creature as was ever vamped into the form he wears: But, perhaps, his Exchequer might not be in a convenient state to answer my orders; and if so, I only beg to be informed of the truth; which, as he does not answer my letters, he appears to be afraid to tell.

I have received a letter from *Toulouse* which does not comfort my spirits; and I have reason to apprehend from thence, that there is some neglect at the fountain head of my treasury, which I must beg you to enquire into; and, if you see occasion, to correct, in order that the little rill of ways and means may not be interrupted, between *London* and *Languedoc*——that is between me and Mrs. Sterne, and my poor dear Lydia.

They write me word that they have drawn upon *Foley*, as I desired, who tells them he has no effects to answer the bill; but that, if they are in distress, he will accommodate them for my sake. This is *very handsome* dealing, and I am rather proud of

it ;—but, in the mean time, there is an uncertainty which is very unpleasant—I mean to the poor women, who are at such a distance, that a great deal of anxious suspence must be suffered before the mistake can be rectified.

Besides, ——, these things breed words, and questions, as well as suspicions, and all that.—My dear Lydia contents herself with a gentle complaint or so ; but her mother does not hesitate to discharge a volume of reproaches. Now the truth is, that I deserve neither the one nor the other,—and had managed the matter for the supply of their wants, and the ridding myself of all future anxiety in the business, in as plain a manner as my hand-writing and spirit of calculation could make it.—However, it has abated the ardor of my Knight Errantry for the present, and thrown more than a sickly thought or two on my imagination.

I am prodigal of words, my dear friend, in a matter wherein a mere hint is all that would be necessary for you to exert yourself. So do me the honor to see that it is absolutely done without a moment's delay ; and if B—— should hesitate the tythe of an instant, —do that for me, my friend, which I would do for you on a similar occasion.—So God bless you.—My heart will not suffer me to offer you an apology, because I know it will be ungracious to yours.—Once more farewel !

Most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVI.

TO——————, ESQ.

Coxwould, Wednesday Evening.

I HAVE received the letter which you informed me I should receive from doctor L——, and return you both my best thanks for it.—He is certainly a man of learning, and an excellent critic, and would do well to employ his leisure hours on *Virgil*; or rather, if I understand him well, on *Horace*; and he would give us such a Commentary on both those authors as we have not, and perhaps, may never have, if he does not set about it.

But *Tristram Shandy*, my friend, was made and formed to baffle all criticism :—And I will venture to rest the book on this ground,—that it is either above the power or beneath the attention of any critic or hypercritic whatsoever.—I did not fashion it according to any rule.—I left my fancy, or my genius, or my feelings,—call it what you may,—to its own free course, without a single intruding reflection, that there ever had been such a man as *Aristotle* in the world.

When I mounted my Hobby Horse, I never thought, or pretended to think, where I was going, or whether I should return home to dinner or supper, the next day, or the next week :—I let him take his own course ; and amble, or curvet, or trot or go a sober, sorrowful lackadaysical pace as it pleased him best.—It was all one to me, for my temper was *ever in unison* with his manner of coursing it,—be it what it might. I never pricked him with

spur, or struck him with a whip; but let the rein lay loosely on his neck, and he was wont to take his way without doing injury to any one.

Some would laugh at us as we passed along,—and some seemed to pity us—and now and then a melancholy tender hearted passenger would look at us and heave a sigh.—Thus have we travelled together—but my poor *Rosinante* did not, like *Balaam's Ass*, stand still if he saw an *Angel* in the way, but directly pushed up to her;—and if it were but a damsel, sitting by a fountain, who would let me take a refreshing draught from her cup, she was, surely an Angel to me.

The grand error of life is, that we look too far:—We scale the heavens,—we dig down to the centre of the earth, for systems,——and we forget ourselves.——Truth lies before us; it is in the high way path; and the ploughman treads on it with his clouted shoon.

Nature defies the rule and the line;—Art raises its structures, and forms its works on their aid:—But Nature has her own laws, which Art cannot always comprehend, and criticism can never reach.

Doctor L——— acknowledges, however, that my *Sermon on Conscience* is a most admirable composition; but is of opinion that it is degraded by being made a part of *Tristram Shandy*———Now, if you please; be so good as to note my answer:—If this sermon is so excellent, and I myself believe it to be so,——because *Judge Burnet*, who was a man of taste and erudition, as well as law, desired me to print it;—I say if it be a good sermon, it ought to be read; and since it appeared in the pages of *Tristram Shandy*, it has been read by thousands; whereas the fact is, that when it was published by itself, it was read by no one.

I have answered doctor L—— with all the respect which his amiable character and admirable talents deserve; but I have told him, at the same time, that my book was not written to be tried by any

known laws of scholastic criticism; and that if I thought any thing I might hereafter write would be within their reach, I would throw the manuscript that is now before me into the fire, and never dip my pen into my ink-stand again, but for the purpose of assuring some uncritical, and uncriticising friend, like yourself, of my sincere and cordial regard.—— At this moment I make that offering to you, so God be with you.

L. STERNE.

I begin to peep out of my hermitage a little; for lord and lady Fauconberg are come down, and bring with them, as usual, a large store of amiable, easy, and hospitable virtues.—I wish you were here to partake of, and add to them.

LETTER XVII.

TO ——————, ESQ.

Monday Evening.

YOU have hit my fancy most wonderfully, in the account you have given me of lady ——; the Juno character not only prevails, but absolutely predominates. The *Minerva* qualities are all secondary,—and as to any *Cyprian* dispositions, I know nothing about them.

She certainly possesses a very good understanding, and is not without attainments; but both the one and the other derive all their consequence from her manners.—She has somewhat of an imperious disposition, which would be either silently despised by some, or violently opposed by others, if she did not give a grace to it that annihilates any unpleasant sensation that might attempt to rise in the breast of a bye-stander, or which is better, bye-sitter: But this is not all, for it calls forth also, that kind of respectful submission, which does not lessen us in our own opinion for having practised it.

I never, in my life, felt the merit of exterior decoration so much as in my conversations and communications with this lady; and I really do not know any position, in the present school of fashion, where a young man might learn so much as in her drawing room, or without meaning any mischievous equivoque, her dressing room.——It is really no common satisfaction to me to reflect that my young friend is an *Elève* of such an instructress.

There is a time and circumstance of life, and that period and circumstance are now yours, when nothing but the easy society, and little tender friendships of an accomplished woman are wanting to render a

character complete :—And without saying a word more than I think on the business,—I cannot but express my satisfaction that you are in such hands as will probably produce the very effects which so sincere a friend as myself can wish and desire.

It has ever been a maxim with me, since I knew any thing of the world, that we are all of us as much in want of a schoolmistress at the finish, as we do at the commencement of our education. And as you are so fortunate as to have lady ——, to teach you the *horn-book* of high life, you will bid fair to spell it and put it together, so as to become the charm of all society :—And you will lose, what I so much wish you to lose, the attention to one, and the neglect of the many ; which tho' there may be something amiable in the principle, is not adapted to the general intercourse of life.

Lady M—— F—— might forward business, and lady C—— I am sure is ready to do it—so that in such a soil, in such a season, and with such cultivations, what has not partial friendship a right to expect. And now what can I do better than leave you in such good and excellent company, and desire you, in return to present my respectful compliments to them all,—and to receive yourself the most cordial regard of

your very sincere,

and affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVIII.

TO ———.

Coxwould, Wednesday Noon.

I UNDERSTAND, from Mr. Phipps,* that you are absolutely engaged to pass the summer, or rather the autumn, with him at *Mulgrave-Hall;* so that I now consider a previous visit to me as a matter on which I may depend, and to which, believe me, I look with real satisfaction. We will while away a month or six weeks at my vicarage in a manner which, I trust, will not be unpleasing or unprofitable to you.

However, in saying this, or rather writing it, I address myself to the excellence of your heart, which I cannot enough admire, and that cultivated understanding of which I have the greatest hopes.——I know the pleasures you will quit, and the societies you must sacrifice, to come and pass any part of the Summer with me; but, at the same time, I do not doubt of your visit,——and that a Shandean *Tete a Tete* has its charms for you.

I remember a circumstance, which I shall never think of without the utmost pride in my own heart, and the most sincere affection for yours;—but, besides that it flattered me in the highest degree, it proved that you possessed a source of sentiment which, whatever may befal you in life, must preserve you in honor and happiness:—With such a delicious quality, misfortune will never be able to bear you down; nor will folly, passion, or even vice, tho'

* *The late lord Mulgrave.*

they may for a time obscure or lessen the excellence of your character, possess the power of destroying it.—I allude to a little delicate touch of sentiment that escaped you last winter,—which tho' I have mentioned it with every possible eulogium to others, again and again, I have never before hinted it even to you; the moment, however, is now come, when my spirit urges me to speak of it; and I do it with those dispositions which are congenial to the subject, and, I trust, natural to myself.

You cannot absolutely have forgotten an evening visit which you paid me last January, in Bond street, when I was ill in bed;—nor ought it to escape your occasional reflection that you sat by my bed-side the whole night, performing every act of the most friendly and pious attention.—I then thought that the scare-crow death was at my heels;—nay, I thought the villain had got me by the throat,—and I told you as much.——However, it pleased heaven, that I should not be snatched from the world at that moment; tho' I spoke my own honest opinion when I vaticinated my destiny by expressing little hopes of getting to the winter's end——I believe, my dear friend, said I, that I shall soon be off.—I hope not, you replied, with a squeeze of my hand and a sigh of your heart, which went to the very bottom of mine:—But,—you were pleased to add, lest that should be the case, I hope you will do me the favor to let me be always with you, that I may have every atom of advantage and comfort your society may afford me, while heaven permits it to last.

I spoke no reply, for I could not,—but my heart made one then, and will continue to do so,—till it is become *a clod of the valley*.

Hence it is, that I do not doubt but you will quit the ring of pleasure without regret, to come and sit with me beneath my Honey-Suckle, which is now flaunting like a Ranelagh beauty, and accompany me in paying my nuns their pensive evening visit.—*We can go to vespers with them, and return*

home to our curds and cream with more delicious sentiments than all the pleasures of the world, and the beauties thereof, in their vainest moments, can truly afford.

I am busy about another couple of volumes to amuse, and, as I hope, to instruct a gouty and splenetic world;—in which, I solemnly declare, I have no ambition to remain, but for the love I bear to such friends as you; and, perhaps, the vanity, which I am vain enough not to call an idle one, of adding a few more leaves to the wreath which I have been able to weave for my own little glory.

Come, then, and let me read the pages to you as they fall from my pen; and be a *Mentor* to *Tristram* as you have been to *Yorick*.—At all events,—I am sure you cannot come to York without coming to me; and I shall triumph completely over *lady Lepel*, &c. if I draw you for a month from the bright centre to which you are so naturally attracted. So God bless you,—and believe me, with all sincerity, to be

Most affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIX.

TO ———

Bishopthrop, Thursday night.

I SAW the charming *Mrs. Vesey* but for a moment, and she contrived with her voice and her thousand other graces to *dis—order* me; and what she will have to answer for on the occasion, I shall not employ my casuistry to determine;—nor shall I ask my good friend the Archbishop, from whose house, and amidst whose kindness and hospitality I address this to you.

I envy, however, your saunter together round an *empty Ranelagh*, though I should have liked it the better, because it was empty, and would give the imagination and every delicious feeling, opportunity to make one forget there was another being in the room—but ourselves.

You will, I am sure, more than understand me, when I mention that sense of female perfection,—I mean, however, when the female is sitting or walking beside you,—which so possesses the mind that the whole globe seems to be occupied by none but you two.—When your hearts, in perfect unison, or, I should rather say, harmony with each other, produce the same chords,—and blossom with the same flowers of thought and sentiment.

These hours,—which virtuous, tender minds have the power of separating from the melancholy seasons of life,—make ample amends for the weight of cares and disappointments, which the happiest of us are doomed to bear.—They cast the brightest

sunshine on the dreary landscape,—and form a kind of refuge from the stormy wind and tempest.

With such a companion, is not the primrose bank and the cottage, which humble virtue has raised on its side, superior to all that splendor and wealth has formed in the palaces of monarchs?—The scented heath is then the *perfumed Araby*, and though the Nightingale should refuse to lodge among the branches of the poor solitary tree that overshadows us,—if my fair minstrel did but pour forth the melting strain, I would not look to the music of the spheres for ravishment.

There is something, my dear friend, most wonderfully pleasant in the idea of getting away from the world;—and tho' I have ever found it a great comfort, yet I have been more vain of the business, when I have done it in the midst of the world.—But this *aberration* from the crowd, while you are surrounded and pressed by it, is only to be accomplished by the magic of female perfection.—Friendship, with all its powers,—mere friendship, cannot do it. ——A more refined sentiment must employ its influence to wrap the heart in this delicious oblivion. —It is too pleasing to last long,—for envious, sleepless care is ever on the watch to awake us from the bewitching trance.

You, my friend, possess something of the reality of it: And I, while I enjoy your happiness, apply to fancy for the purpose of creating a copy of it.—— So I sit myself down upon the turf, and place a lovely fair one by my side,——as lovely, if possible, as Mrs. V——, and having plucked a sprig of blossoms from the Maybush, I place it in her bosom, and then address some tender tale to her heart,—and if she weeps at my story, I take the white handkerchief she holds in her hand and wipe the tears from off her cheek: And then I dry my own with it:—And thus the delightful vision gives wing to a lazy hour, calms my spirits, and composes me for my pillow.

To wish that care may never plant a thorn upon yours, would be an idle employment of votive regard;—but that you may preserve the virtue which will blunt their points, and continue to possess the feelings which will, sometimes, pluck them away, is a wish not unworthy of that friendship, with which

I am,

your most affectionate,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Lydia writes me word she has got a lover. —Poor dear girl!—

LETTER XX.

TO ——————.

Sunday Evening.

DO not imagine, my dear boy—and do not suffer, I beseech you, any pedantic, cold-hearted fellow to persuade you—that *sensibility is an evil.* You may take my word on this subject, as you have been pleased to do on many others—that sensibility is one of the first blessings of life——as well as the brightest ornament of the human character.

You do not explain matters to me, which, by the bye, is not fair; but I suppose, from the tenor of your letter, which is now beside me, that you have been made a dupe of by some artful person—who, I am disposed to think, is some *cunning baggage*—and that, under the impressions of this game that has been played you, your vanity is alarmed, and your understanding piqued; and then, you lay all this dire grievance in a very pettish manner, let me tell you, at the door of your sensibility. And, which is worse than all the rest, you write to me as if you really believed yourself to be in earnest, in all the see-saw observations you have written to me on the subject.

Be assured, my dear friend, if I thought the sentiments of your last letter were not the sentiments of a sickly moment—if I could be made to believe, for an instant, that they proceeded from you, in a sober, reflecting condition of your mind—I should give you over as incurable, and banish all my hopes of your rising into that proud honor, and brilliant reputation, which, I trust, you will one day possess.

I was almost going to write——and wherefore should I not—that there is an amiable kind of *cullibility*, which is as superior to the slow precaution of worldly wisdom, as the sound of *Abel's Viol di Gambi*, to the braying of an ass on the other side of my paling.

If I should, at any time, hear a man pique himself upon never having been a dupe—I should grievously suspect that such an one will, some time or other, give cause to be thought, at best, a mean-spirited, dirty rascal.

You may think this a strange doctrine—but, be that as it may—I am not ashamed to adopt it.—— What would you say of any character, who had neither humanity, generosity, nor confidence ?—Why you would say—I know you would—such a man

'Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils——

And yet imposition—dupery—deception—call it by what name you will—attends upon these virtues like their shadow. For virtue, my dear friend, like every other possession in this world, tho' it is the most valuable of all—is of a mixed nature ; and the very inconveniencies of it, if they deserve that name, form the basis on which its importance and natural excellence is established.

Sensibility is oftentimes betrayed into a foolish thing ;—but its folly is amiable, and some one or other is the better for it. I am not for its excesses —or a blind submission to its impulse, which produces them ;—yet, some how or other, I should be strongly disposed to hug the being, who would take the rag off his back—to place it on the shivering wretch who had nought to cover him.

Discretion is a cold quality—but I have no objection to the possessing as much of it—as will direct your finer feelings to their proper objects ;—but *here let its office finish* ; if it proceeds a step further there may be mischief ;—it may cool that cur-

rent which is the life-blood of all virtue, and will, I trust, warm your heart, till it is become a clod of the valley.

Sensibility is the source of those delicious feelings which give a brighter color to our joys, and turn our tears to rapture.—Tho' it may, now and then, lead us into a scrape, as we pass thro' life—you may be assured, my dear friend, it will get us out of them all, *at the end of it*;—and that is a matter which wiser men than myself will tell you is well worth thinking about.

So leaving you to your contemplations—and wishing them and every think you do, an happy issue—I remain, with great truth,

your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXI.

TO ——————

Bond-Street, Thursday Morning.

SO, my dear friend, you are pleased to be very angry with the *Reviewers*;—so am not I,—but as your displeasure proceeds from your regard for me,—I thank you as I ought to do,—again and again.

I really do not know to whom I am personally indebted for so much obliging illiberality.—Nor can I tell whether it is the society at large, or a splenetic individual, to whom I am to acknowledge my obligation.—I have never enquired who it is, or who they are:—And if I knew him or them,—what would it signify?—and wherefore should I give their names immortality in my writings, which they will never find in their own?——Let the asses bray as they like;—I shall treat their worships as they deserve, in my own way and manner,—and in a way and manner that they will like less than any other.

There is a certain race of people, who are ever aiming to treat their betters in some scurvy way or other—but it has ever been a practice with me, not to mind a little dirt thrown upon my coat,—so that I keep my *lining unrumpled*.——And so much for that envy, ignorance and illnature, for which, what I have written, is far too much.

I am rejoiced, however, for twenty good reasons, which I will tell you hereafter, that London lies in your way between Oxfordshire and Suffolk; and one

of them I will tell you now—which is, that you can be of very great service to me; so I would desire you to prepare yourself to do me a kindness; if I did not know that you are always in such a state of preparation.

The town is so empty, that though I have been in it, full four and twenty hours, I have seen only three people I know——Foote on the stage—sir Charles Davers at sir James's Coffee-house, and Williams, who was an hasty bird of passage, on his flight to Brighthelmstone, where I am told he is making love in right earnest, to a very fine woman, and with all the success his friends can wish him. Our races at York were every thing we could desire them to be in the ball-room, and every thing we did not desire them to be on the ground. The rain said nay, with a vengeance, to the sports of the course, for all the water spouts of the heavens seemed to be let loose upon it. However in the amusements *under cover*, we were all as merry as heart could wish. I had promised a certain person that you should be there, and was obliged to parry a score or two of reproaches on your account.

But tho' I forgot to tell it you before, I am by no means well, and if I do not get away from this climate before winter sets in, I shall never see another spring in this world; and it is to forward my journey to the south, that I request you to make haste to me from the west.

Alas, alas, my friend! I begin to feel that I lose strength in these annual struggles and encounters with that miserable scare-crow, who knows as well as I do, that, do what I can he will finally get the better of me, and all of us. Indeed, he has already beat the vizard from my helmet, and the point of my spear is not as it was wont to be. But while it pleases heaven to grant me life, it will, I trust, grant me spirits to bear up against the scurvy circumstances of it, and preserve to my last separating *sigh*, that sensibility to whatever is kind and gra-

ı, which, when once it possesses the heart,
es, I trust, ample amends for a large portion of
an error.
ou may, indeed, believe, that while I am sensi-
f any thing, I shall be sensible of your friend-
; and I have every reason to think, that should
term be drawing nigh to its period, you will
nue to love me while I live, and when I am no
:, to cherish the memory of

Your ever faithful

and affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXII.

TO ———

Sunday Morning.

IF you wish to have the representation of my spare, meagre-form—which by the bye, is not worth the canvas it must be painted on—you shall be most welcome to it; and I am happy in the reflection, that when my bones shall be laid low, there may be any resemblance of me, which may recal my image to your friendly and sympathizing recollection.

But you must mention the business to *Reynolds* yourself; for I will tell you why I cannot. He has already painted a very excellent portrait of me, which, when I went to pay him for, he desired me to accept, as a tribute, to use his own elegant and flattering expression, that his heart wished to pay to my genius. That man's way of thinking and manners, are at least equal to his pencil.

You see therefore the delicacy of my situation, as well as the necessity, if the genius of *Reynolds* is to be employed in the business, of your taking it entirely upon yourself. Or if your friendly impatience which you express with so much kindness, will let you wait till we make our tour to *Bath*, your favorite *Gainsborough* may do the deed.

Or why not your little friend *Cosway*, who is rising fast into fame and fortune? But be it as you please, and arrange it according to your own fancy.

At all events, I shall treat myself when I get to Rome with my own busto, if *Nollikens* does not make a demand for it that may be inconsistent with my Exchequer. The statuary decorations of my grandfather the Archbishop's monument, in the

Cathedral at York, which you admire so much, have given birth, I believe, to this whim of mine; and this piece of marble, which my vanity—for let it be vanity if you please—destines for myself, may be placed by the hand of friendship, and by yours perhaps, near my grave—and so much for that.

But I was born for digressions, and I, therefore, tell you at once, not rashly, or prematurely, but with all due sobriety and reflection, that lord —— is of a low, base, pimping nature. If he had been nothing but a fool, I should have said—have mercy upon him: But he has just understanding sufficient to make him answerable for what he does, and not sufficient to perceive the superiority of what is great over what is little.—If ever that man rises into a good or a noble action, I would be bound to be considered as a retailer of scandal, and an ill-natured man, as long as I live, and as long as my memory lives; but no more of him, I beseech you—and the hour tells me to write no more of any thing, for I must hasten where I ought to have been half an hour ago—so God bless you, and believe me, wherever I am, to be

Most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIII.

TO ——— ———

Monday Morning.

THE story, my dear friend, which you heard related, with such an air of authority, is like many other true stories, absolutely false. Mr. *Hume* and I never had a dispute—I mean a serious, angry or petulent dispute, in our lives :—Indeed I should be most exceedingly surprized to hear that *David* ever had an unpleasant contention with any man ;—and if I should be made to believe that such an event had happened, nothing would persuade me that his opponent was not in the wrong : For, in my life, did I never meet with a being of a more placid and gentle nature ; and it is this amiable turn of his character, that has given more consequence and force to his scepticism, than all the arguments of his sophistry.——You may depend on this as a truth.

We had, I remember well, a little pleasant sparring at lord *Hertford's* table at *Paris ;* but there was nothing in it that did not bear the marks of good will and urbanity on both sides.—I had preached that very day at the Ambassador's chapel, and *David* was disposed to make a little merry with the *parson ;* and, in return, the parson was equally disposed to make a little mirth with the *Infidel ;* we laughed at one another, and the company laughed with us both —and, whatever your informer might pretend, he certainly was not one of that company.

As for his other history, that I preached an offensive sermon at the Abassador's Chapel—it is equal-

ly founded in truth ; for lord Hertford did me the honor to thank me for it again and again. The *text*, I will own, was an *unlucky* one, and that was all your informer could have heard to have justified his report.—If he fell asleep immediately after I repeated it—I will forgive him.

The fact was as follows :

Lord *Hertford* had just taken and furnished a magnificent *hotel ;* and as every thing, and any thing gives the fashion of the moment at Paris, it had been the fashion for every one to go to see the English Ambassador's new hotel.——It occupied the curiosity, formed the amusement, and gave a subject of conversation to the polite circles of Paris, for a fortnight at least.

Now it fell to my lot, that is to say, I was requested to preach, the first day service was performed in the chapel of this new hotel.—The message was brought me when I was playing a sober game of Whist with the *Thornhills*, and whether it was that I was called rather abruptly from my afternoon's amusement to prepare myself for this business, for it was to be on the next day ; or from what other cause I did not pretend to determine, but that unlucky kind of fit seized me, which you know I can never resist, and a very unlucky text did come into my head,—and you will say so when you read it.

" And Hezekiah said unto the Prophet, I have " shown them my vessels of gold, and my vessels " of silver, and my wives and my concubines, and " my boxes of ointment, and whatever I have in my " house, have I shown unto them : And the Pro- " phet said unto Hezekiah, thou hast done very " foolishly."

Now, as the text is part of Holy writ, that could not give offence ; tho' wicked wits are sometimes disposed to ill-treat it with their own scurvy misrepresentations.—And as to the discourse itself, nothing could be more innocent, and David Hume *favored it with his* grace and approbation.

But here I am got, I know not how, writing about myself for whole pages together—whereas the only part of my letters that can justify my being an egotist, is, when I assure any gentle spirit, or faithful friend, as I now do you, that I am her, or his, or your

Most affectionate,

humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIV.

TO ——

Wednesday Noon.

BELIEVE me, my dear friend, I have no great faith in doctors. Some eminent ones of the faculty assured me, many years ago, that if I continued to do as I was then doing, I should not live three months. Now the fact is, that I have been doing exactly what they told me I ought not to do, for thirteen years together—and here I am, as thin, it is true, but as saucy as ever; and it will not be my fault, if I do not continue to give them the lie for another period of equal duration.

It is lord *Bacon*, I think, who observes,—at least be it who it may that made the observation, it is not unworthy the great man whose name I have just written—That physicians are old women, who sit by your bed-side till they kill you, or Nature cures you.

There is an uncertainty in the business that often baffles experience, and renders genius abortive—— Though I mean not, believe me, to be severe on a science which is sometimes made the means of doing good. Nay, the science itself considered, naturally and physically, is the eye of all the rest. But I do not always hold my peace when I reflect on those self-conceited, upstart professors of it, who fly and bounce, and give themselves airs, if you do not read the directions upon the label of a phial, which contains the matter of their prescriptions, with as much reverence, as if it had been penned by St. *Luke* himself.

Goddess of Health—let me drink thy healing and sustaining beverage at the pure fountain which flows at thy command! Give me to breathe the balmy air, and to feel the enlivening sun—and so I will!—for if I do not see you in fifteen days, I will on the sixteenth, step quickly into the Dover coach, and proceed without you to the banks of the *Rhone*, where you may follow me if you please—and if you do not, the difference between us will be———that while you are passing your Christmas-day in fencing against fogs, by warm clothes and large fires, I shall be sitting on the grass, courting no warmth but the all-cheering one which proceeds from the grand luminary of nature.

So think on these things I beseech you,—and let me know about it, for I will not remain, gasping another month in London, even for your sake,—or for your company, which,—I might add, would be for my own sake.

In the mean time, and at all times, may God bless you.

I am,

most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XXV.

TO ——.

Wednesday noon.

I AM am always getting into a scrape, not from a carelessness of offending, as some good humored people have suspected, for I do not wish to give offence, but from the want of being understood. —Pope has well expressed the hardship of being forced

——*to trudge*
Without a second and without a judge.

I think the quotation is correct.—Indeed, a man may proceed well enough without a second. Genius is oftentimes so far from wanting such an assistant, that it is frequently clogged by it;—but to be without a judge is a mortification which comes home with much severity to the bosoms of those who feel, or fancy, which is pretty near the same thing, that judgment—I mean impartial, adequate judgment, would be their reward.

To be eternally misunderstood, and which naturally follows, to be eternally misrepresented by ignorance, is far, far worse than to be slandered by malice.—Calumny is more than oftentimes, for it is almost always the sacrifice which vice pays to virtue, and folly offers up to wisdom.—A wise man, while he pities the efforts of slander, will feel a kind of consequence from the exertion of them;—like the philosopher who is said to have raised a monument to his own fame, with the stones, which the malignity of his competitors had thrown at him.

The divorce between virtue and reputation is too

common to be wondered at—tho' it is too unjust not to be lamented: But that being a circumstance which connects itself with something like the general order of Providence, we are able to console ourselves under it, by hope and resignation. But in the little, and comparatively speaking, the petty business of human fame—the mind may be justified in kicking at the perversions to which its honest and best endeavors are so continually subject.

I do most sincerely assure you, that I have seldom been so proud of myself and the little display of my talents,—whatever they may be—as I was in the very circumstance which has given so much uneasiness. I intended no severity—I was all complacency and good humor—my spirits were in unison with every generous and gracious thought,—and, so far was I from possessing the idea of giving offence—*and to a lady*—that there never was a moment in my life, perhaps, when I was so disposed to buckle on my armor, and mount my *Rosinante* to go and fight the cause of injured or captive beauty. ——But instead of all this, here am I considered as the very monster whom I myself was ready to combat and to destroy.

You will, therefore, be so good as to communicate these thoughts, in as much better a manner as you please, to Mrs. H——, and assure her, that she has only done what so many have done before her—that is, she has *misconceived*, or, as that word may produce a *misconception*—she has *misunderstood* me.

So far I am most willing to travel in the highway of apology; and, if she is disposed to smile, I will receive her returning favor, with all due acknowledgments; but if she should think it clever, or witty, or consequential, to continue to be offended—I will not fail to remember her in a postscript to my chapter on the right and wrong end of a woman; which, tho' my uncle Toby, from a certain combination of circumstances could never be made

nderstand, I will explain to the world in such a
ner, that they who run may read.
am not, however, unintelligible to all. There
some spirits who want no key either to my
ch or my writings; and they—I mean the spi-
—are of the first order. This is some comfort,
that comfort increases both in its weight and
sure, on the reflection that you are one of them.
ut my paper and postman's bell both warn me
o—what I ought to have done at least a page
—and that is to write adieu; so adieu, and God
s you.

I am,

Most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVI.

TO ——————

Thursday, Nov. 1

WERE I a minister of state—instead of being a country-parson;—or rather, though I do not know that it is the better thing of the two,—— were I king of a country, not like *Sancho-Pancha*, without a will of my own, but with all the rights, privileges and immunities belonging to such a situation, I would not suffer a man of genius to be pulled to pieces, or pulled down, or even whistled at, by any man who had not some sort of genius of his own.—That is to say, I would not suffer blockheads of any denomination to show their heads in my territories.

What—will you say—is there no saving clause for the ignorant and the unlettered?——No spot set apart for those on whom science has not beamed; or the current of whose genius poverty has frozen?—My dear friend, you do not quite understand me,——and I beg of you not to suppose—that all men are *blockheads* who are not *learned*——and that no man who is *learned* can be a *blockhead*.

My definitions are not borrowed from the common room of a college, or the dull muzzing *pericranium* of a word mongering dictionary maker, but from the book of nature, the volume of the world, and the pandects of experience. There I find a *blockhead* to be a man, (for I am not at present in a humor to involve the poor woman in the definition) who thinks he has what, in fact, he has not—and who does not know how to make a right use of that which he has.

It is the mode of applying *means* to *ends* that marks the character of superior understanding.—

The poor scare-crow of a beast that *Yorick* rode so long and to the last, being once set in the right road, will sooner get to the end of his journey, than the fleetest race-horse of *Newmarket*, who has taken an opposite direction.

Wisdom very often cannot read or write, and *Folly* will often quote you passages from all the *dead*, and half the living languages. I beg therefore, you will not form a bad,—that is to say, a false idea of this kingdom of mine—for whenever I get it, you may be sure of being well appointed, and living at your ease, as every one must do *there*, who lives to his honor.—But to the point.

To the point, did I say ?—Alas ! there is so much *zig-zag* in my destiny, that it is impossible for me to keep going on strait thro' one poor letter—and that to a friend ; but so it is—for here is a visitor arrived to whom I cannot say nay—and who obliges me to write adieu, a page or two, or three, perhaps, before I intended to do it. I must therefore fold up my paper as it is—and shall only add, God bless you—which, however, is the constant and sincere wish of

your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVII.

TO ——————

Dijon, Nov. 9, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECOMMEND it to you,—not, perhaps, above all things, but very assuredly above most things,—to stick to your own understanding a little more than you do; for, believe me, an ounce of it will answer your purpose better than a pound weight of other people's. There is a certain timidity which renders early life amiable, as a matter of speculation; but is very inconvenient indeed, not to say dangerous, according to the present humor of the world, in matters of practice.

There is a manly confidence, which, as it springs from a consciousness of possessing certain excellent qualities and valuable attainments, we cannot have too early; and there is no more impropriety in offering manifestations of it to the world, than the putting on your helmet in the day of battle. We want it as a protection—I say as a protection, from the insults and injuries of others; for, in your particular circumstances, I consider it merely as a defensive quality—to prevent you from being run down, or run over, by the first ignorant blockhead or insolent coxcomb, who perceives your modesty to be a restraint on your spirit.

But this by the way.—The application of it is left to your own descernment and good sense, of which I shall not write what I think, and what some others think, whose testimony will wear well.

I am so much better pleased since I set my foot on the Continent, that it would do you good to see —and more good still to hear me; for I have recovered my voice in this genial climate; and so far am I now from finding a difficulty to make myself heard across the table, that I am almost fit to preach in a cathedral.

Here they are all hey—go—mad.—The vintage has been abundant, and is now at the close. Every eye beams delight, and every voice is attuned to joy. —Though I am running away as fastas I can well go, and am withal so pressed by the rascal, death! that I ought not in prudence to take time to look behind me; yet I cannot resist the temptation of getting out of my chaise, and sitting for a whole evening on a bank, to see those happy people dance away the labors of the day: And thus they contrive, for two or three hours at least out of the four and twenty, *to forget*, God bless 'em, that there are such things as labor and care in the world.

This innocent oblivion of sorrow is one of the happiest arts of life; and philosophy, in all its storehouse of human remedies, has nothing like unto it. Indeed, I am persuaded that mirth—a sober, well regulated mirth—is perfectly acceptable to the kind Being that made us;—and that a man may laugh and sing, and dance too—and, after all, go to heaven.

I never could—and I never can—nay, I positively never will, believe that we were sent into this world to go sorrowing through it. On the contrary, every object around me—the rural dance, and the rustic minstrelsy, that I behold and hear from my window, tell me that man is framed for joy. Nor shall any crack-brained Carthusian Monk,—or all the Carthusian Monks in the world,——persuade me to the contrary.

Swift says, *vive la bagatelle.* I say, *vive la joie*; which I am sure is no *bagatelle*; but, as I take it,

a very *serious thing*, and the first of human possessions.

May your treasury, my dear friend, continue to have good store in it—and, like the *widow's cruise*, may it fail not!

At *Lyons* I expect to find some tidings of you, and from thence I will dispatch some further tidings of myself.——So in the mean time, and at all times, may God bless you.—Believe me,

I shall ever remain most truly

And affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO ———.

Lyons, Nov. 15.

I HAVE travelled here most deliciously—though I have made my journey in a *desoblegeant*, and of course alone. But when the heart is at rest, and the mind is in harmony with itself, and every subordinate feeling is well attuned, not an object offers itself to the attention but may be made to produce pleasure.—Besides, such is the character of this happy people, that you see a smile on every countenance, and hear the notes of joy from every tongue. —There is an old woman, at this moment, playing on the viol before my window, and a groupe of young people are dancing to it, with more appearance, and, I believe, more *reality* of pleasure, than all your brilliant assemblies at *Almack*'s can boast.

I love my country as well as any of her children —and I know the solid, characteristic virtues of its people ;—but they do not play the game of happiness with that attention to success which is practised and obtained here.—I shall not enter into the physical or moral difference between the two nations—but I cannot, however, help observing that, while the French possess a gaiety of heart, that always weakens and sometimes baffles sorrow, the English still answer the description of the *old* Frenchman, and really continue to divert themselves *moult tristement*.

Nay, how often have I seen at a *York Assembly*, two young people dance down thirty couple, with as

grave countenances as if they did it for hire, and were, after all, not sure of being paid: And here have I beheld the sun-burnt sons and daughters of labor rise from their scanty meal with not a pulse in their hearts that did not beat to pleasure;——and, with the brightest looks of satisfaction, make their wooden shoes responsive to the sound of the broken-winded hautboy.

All the world shall never persuade me there is not a Providence, and a gracious one too, which governs it. With every blessing under the sun we look grave, and reason ourselves into dissatisfaction; while here—with scarce any blessing *but the sun—on est content de son etat.*

But the kind Being who made us all, gives to each the portion of happiness, according to his wise and good pleasure; for no one—and nothing is beneath his all providential care;—*he even tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*

By such reflections, and under such influences, I am perverted from my purpose; for when I drew my chair to the table, and dipped my pen into the inkhorn, I breathed nothing but complaint, and it was my sole design to tell you so—for I have sent—*a la poste restante* again and again, and there is no letter from you. But tho' I am impatience itself to continue my journey towards the *Alps*, and cannot possibly indulge my curious spirit till I hear from you, yet such is the effect of my sympathetic nature, that I have caught all the ease and good humor of the people about me, and seem to be sitting here, in my black coat and yellow slippers, as contented as if I had not another step to take; and, God knows I have a pretty circuit to make, my friend, before I may embrace you again.

It is not, as you well know, my practice to scratch out any thing I write, or I would erase the last dozen lines; as, the very moment I had concluded them, your letter and two others arrived, and brought me every thing I could wish.—I would really in-

if I thought you would overtake me. At all
its, we shall meet at *Rome—at Rome*——and I
l now take the wings of to-morrow morning to
ard my progress thither.
sincerely hope this paper may be thrown away
n you,——that is, I wish you may be come
y before it has made its passage to England.—
ll events, my dear boy, we shall meet at Rome.
ill then—fare thee well:——There and every
re—I shall be,

Your most faithful and affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIX.

TO ——————

Bond Street.

I HAVE a great mind to have done with joking, laughing, and merry making, for the rest of my days, with either man, woman, or child; and set up for a grave, formal, see-saw character; and dispense stupid wisdom, as I have hitherto been said to have done sensible nonsense, to my country-men and country-women.

To tell you the truth—I began this letter yesterday morning, and was interrupted in getting to the end of it, by half a dozen idle people, who called upon me to lounge and to laugh; tho' one of them forced me home with him to dine with his sister, whom I found to be a being of a superior order, and who has absolutely made the something like a resolution with which I began this letter, not worth the feather of the quill with which it was written.

She is, in good faith, charming beyond my powers of description; and we had such an evening, as made the cup of tea she gave me more delicious than nectar.

By the bye, she wishes very much to become acquainted with you—not, believe me, from any representations or biography of mine, but from the warm encomiums she has received of you from others, and those, as she says, of the first order. After all this, however, you may be sure that my testimony was not wanting.——So that, when you will give an opportunity, I shall have the honor of presenting you to kiss her hand, and add another devout worshipper at the temple of such transcendent merit.

I am really of opinion that, if there is a woman in *the* world formed to do you good, and to make you *love her* into the bargain—which, I believe, is the

only way of doing you any good—this is the pre-eminent and bewitching character.—Indeed, were you to command my feeble powers to delineate the lovely being whose affections would well repay thee for all the heart-achs and disquieting apprehensions that may and will afflict thee in thy passage through life, it would be this fair and excellent creature. My *Knight Errant* spirit has already told her that she is a *Dulcinea* to me—but I would most willingly take off my armor and break my spear, and resign her as an *Angel* to you.

I need not say any thing, I trust, of my affection for you; and I have, just now, some singular ideas on your subject, which kept me awake last night, when I ought to have been sound asleep—but I shall reserve them for the communication of my fire-side, or yours, as it may be; and I wish, as devoutly as ever I wished any thing in my life, that my fire was to brighten before you this very evening.

In the name of fortune,—for want of a better at the moment,—what business have you to be fifty leagues from the capital, at a time when I stand so much in need of you, for your own sake?

I hear you exclaim—who is all this about?—And I see you half determined to throw my letter into the fire, because you cannot find her name in it. This is all, my good friend, as it ought to be—for you may be assured that I never intended to write her name on this sheet of paper. I have told you of the divinity, and you will find the rest inscribed on the altar.

I was never more serious in my life; so let the wheels of your chariot roll as rapidly as post-horses can make them, towards this town; where if you come not soon, I shall be gone; and then I know not what may become of all my *present* good intentions towards you;—future ones, it is true, I shall have in plenty—for at all events, in all circumstances, *and every* where,

I am, most cordially, and affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

TO ——— ———

Friday.

THESE may be piping times to you, my dear friend, and I rejoice at it——but they are not dancing ones to me.

You will perceive, by the manner in which this letter is written, that if I dance—*Holbein's* piper must be the fiddler.

Since I wrote to you last, I have burst another vessel of my lungs, and lost blood enough to pull down a very strong man: What it has done then with my meagre form, clad as it is with infirmities, may be better imagined than described.—Indeed, it is with difficulty and some intervals of repose that I can trail on my pen; and if it were not for the anxious forwardness of *my spirits*, which aids me for a few minutes by their precious mechanism, I should not be able to thank you at all:—I know I cannot thank you as I ought, for your four letters which have remained so long unanswered, and particularly for the last of them.

I really thought, my good friend, that I should have seen you no more. The grim scare-crow seemed to have taken post at the foot of my bed, and I had not strength to laugh him off as I had hitherto done:——So I bowed my head in patience, without the least expectation of moving it again from my pillow.

But somehow or other he has, I believe, changed his purpose for the present—and we shall, I trust, embrace once again. I can only add, that, while I live, I shall be

Most affectionately yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER. XXXI.

TO ——————.

Bond Street, May 8.

I FELT the full force of an honest heart-ach on reading your last letter.—The story it contains may be placed among the most affecting relations of human calamity, and the happiest efforts of human benevolence. I happened to have it in my pocket yesterday morning when I breakfasted with Mrs. M——; and, for want of something so good of my own, I read the whole of your letter to her,—but this is not all; for, what is more to the purpose, (that is, to the purpose of your honor) she desired to read it herself, and then she entreated me not to delay the earliest opportunity to present *you* to her breakfast table, and the mistress of it to you. I told her of the aukward distance of an hundred miles, at least, that lay between us; but I promised and vowed,—for I was obliged to do both,—that the moment I could lay hold of your arm, I would lead you to *her vestibule*.—I really begin to think I shall get some credit by you.

Love, I most readily acknowledge, is subject to violent paroxysms, as well as slow fevers; but there is so much pleasure attendant upon the passion in general, and so many amiable sympathies are connected with it; nay,—it is sometimes so suddenly, and oftentimes so easily cured, that I cannot, for the *life of me*, pity its disasters with the same tone of

commiseration, which accompanies my consolatory visits to other less ostensible sources of distress.—In the last sad separation of friends, *hope* comforts us with the prospect of an eternal re-union, and *religion* encourages the belief of it:——But in the melancholy history which you relate, I behold what has always appeared to me, to be the most affecting sight in the gloomy region of human misfortune: I mean the pale countenance of one who has seen better days, and sinks under the despair of seeing them return. The mind that is bowed down by unmerited calamity, and knows not from what point of the compass to expect any good, is in a state, over which the Angel of pity sheds all his showers——*Unable to dig, and to beg ashamed*——what a description!——what an object for relief;—and how great the rapture to relieve it!

I do not, my dear boy,——indeed I do not——envy your feelings, for I trust that I share them; but if it were possible for me to envy you any thing that does you so much honor, and makes me love you, if possible, so much better than I did before ——it is the little fabric of comfort and happiness which you have erected in the depths of misery. The whole may occupy, perhaps, but little space in this world——but, like the mustard seed, it will grow up and rear its head towards that Heaven, to which the Spirit that planted it will finally conduct you.

Robinson called upon me yesterday, to take me to dinner in *Berkeley-square*;—and, while I was arranging my drapery, I gave him your letter to read. He felt it as he ought, and not only desired me to say every handsome thing on his part to you, but he said a great many handsome things of you himself, during dinner and after it, and drank your health. Nay, as his wine warmed him, he talked loud, and threatened to drink water—like you—the rest of his days.

But while I am relating so many fine things to flatter *your vanity*, let me, I beseech you, mention something to flatter my own;—and this is neither more or less than a very elegant silver standish, with a motto engraved upon it, which has been sent me by *lord Spencer*. This mark of that nobleman's good disposition towards me, was displayed in a manner which enhanced the value of the gift, and heightened my sense of the obligation. I could not thank him for it as I ought; but I wrote my acknowledgments as well as I could, and promised his lordship that, as it was a piece of plate the *Shandy* family would value the most, it should certainly be the last they will part with.

I had another little business to communicate to you; but the postman's bell warns me to write adieu ——so God bless you, and preserve you, as you are;——and this wish, by the bye, is saying no small matter in your favor; but it is addressed for, and to you, with the same truth that guides my pen in assuring you, that I am, most sincerely and cordially your faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXII.

TO ———

Bond Street.

THERE is a certain pliability of the affections, my dear friend, which, with all its inconveniences,—and I will acknowledge a thousand,—forms a wonderful charm in the human character.—To become a dupe to others, who are almost always worse, and, very often, more ignorant than yourself, is not only mortifying to once's pride, but frequently destructive to one's fortune. Nevertheless, there is sometimes, in the very face, and, which is worse, in the mind, of suspicion, of such a detestable complexion and character, that I could never bear it; and whenever I have observed mistrust in the heart, I would never rap at the door of it, even to pay, if I could help it, a morning visit, much less to make my lodging there.

Niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

This sort of cullibility most certainly lays you open to the designs of knaves and rascals; and they are, alas! to be found in the hedges and highway sides, and will come in without the trouble of sending for them.—The happy mean between mad good-nature and mean self-love, is of difficult attainment; tho' Mr. Pope says,—that *lord Bathurst* possessed *it in* an eminent degree,—and I believe it. Indeed, *it is for my* honor that I should believe it, as I have

received much kindness, and many generous attentions from that venerable and excellent nobleman:—As I never possessed this happy quality myself, I can only recommend it to you, without offering any instructions on a duty, of which I cannot offer myself as an example.—This is not altogether clerical,—I mean as clergymen do,—but no matter.

B——— is exactly one of these harmless, inoffensive people, who never frets or fumes, but bears all his losses with a most Christian patience, and settles the account in this manner,—that he had rather lose any thing than that benevolence of disposition, which forms the happiness of his life. But how will all this end?——for you know, as I know, that when once you have won his good opinion, you may impose upon him ten times a day,——if nine did not suit your purpose. The real friends of virtue, of honor, and what is best in the human character, should form a phalanx round such a man, and preserve him from the harpy plottings of sharpers and villains.

But there is another species of cullibility that I never can be brought to pity, which arises from the continual aim to make culls of others. It is not that gentle, confidential, unsuspicious spirit, which I have already hinted to you, but an overweening, wicked, insidious disposition, which, by being continually engaged in the miserable business of deceiving others, either outwits itself, or is outwitted by the very objects of its own fallacious intentions.

There is not, believe me, a more straight way to the being a dupe yourself, than the resting your hopes or pleasure *in making dupes of others.*

Cunning is not an honorable qualification; it is a kind of left-handed wisdom, which even fools can sometimes practise, and villains always make the foundation of their designs:—But, alas! how often does it betray its votaries to their dishonor, if not to their destruction.

Though an occasional stratagem may be sometimes innocent, I am ever disposed to suspect the cause where it must be employed; for, after all, you will, I am sure, agree with me, that where artifice is not to be condemned *as a crime*, the necessity, which demands it, must be considered *as a misfortune*.

I have been led to write thus *Socratically* from the tenor of your letter; though, if my paper would allow me, I would take a frisk, and vary the scene; but I have only room to add, that I dined in *Brook-street* last Sunday, where many gracious things were said of you, not only by the old folks, but, which is better, by the *young virgins*. I went afterwards, not much to my credit, to *Argyle Buildings*, but there were no virgins there. So may God forgive me, and bless you,—now, and at all times.—

I remain,

Most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO ——

Coxwould, Aug. 19, 1766.

AMONG your whimsicalities, my dear friend, for you have them as well as *Tristram*,—there is not one of them which possesses a more amiable tendency, than that gentle spirit of modern Romance which, hadst thou lived in days of yore, would have made thee the veriest Knight Errant, that ever brandished a spear, or wore a vizard.

The very same spirit that has led thee from hence to the Bristol Fountain, for no other earthly purpose, but to let a phthisical maiden lean upon thine arm, and receive the healing waters from thine hand, would, in a former age, have urged thee to traverse forests and fight with monsters, for the sake of some *Dulcinea* whom thou hadst never seen; or perhaps have made a *redcross*-Knight of thee, and carried thee over lands and seas to *Palestine*.—

For to tell thee the truth, enthusiasm is in the very soul of thee:——If thou wert born to live in some other planet, I might encourage all its glowing, high-colored vulgarities;—but in this miserable, backbiting, cheating, pimping world of ours, it will not do,—indeed, indeed it will not——And full well do I know, nor does this vaticination escape me without a sigh, that it will lead thee into a thousand scrapes,—and some of them may be such, as thou wilt not easily get out of;—and should the fortunes of thine house be shaken by any of them,—with all thy pleasant enjoyments;—what then? you may

say; nay I think I hear you say so,——why thy friends will then lose thee.

For if foul fortune should take thy stately palfrey, with all its gay and gilded trappings from beneath thee; or if, while thou art sleeping by moon-light beneath a tree,—it should escape from thee, and find another master;—or if the miserable banditti of the world should plunder thee,—I know full well that we should see thee no more;—for thou wouldst then find out some distant cell, and become an Hermit; and endeavor to persuade thyself not to regret the separation from those friends, who will ever regret their separation from thee.

This enthusiastic spirit is in itself a good spirit;—but there is no spirit whatever,—no, not a *termagant* spirit, that requires a more active restraint, or a more discreet regulation.

And so we will go next spring, if you please, to the fountain of *Vaucluse*, and think of *Petrarch*, and, which is better, apostrophise his *Laura*—By that time, I have reason to think my wife will be there, who, by the bye, is not *Laura*;—but my poor dear *Lydia* will be with her, and she is more than a *Laura* to her fond father.

Answer me on these things, and may God bless you.——

I remain,
With the most cordial truth,
Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO ——————

Sunday Evening.

THERE is a certain kind of offence which a man may,—nay, which he ought to forgive:—But such is the jealous honor of the world, that there is a sort of injury, commonly called an affront, which, if it proceeds from a certain line of character, must be revenged.—But let me entreat thee to remember that hardness of heart is not worth thine anger, and would disgrace thy vengeance.—To turn upon a man who possesses it, would not, like *Saint Paul*, be kicking against the pricks,—but, which is far worse, against a flint.—Thou didst right, therefore, my dear boy,—in letting the matter pass as thou hast done.

As far as my observation has reached, and the circle of it is by no means a narrow one——an hard heart is always a cowardly heart.—Generosity and courage are associate virtues; and the character which possesses the former, must, in the nature of mental arrangement, be adorned with the latter.

If I perceive a man to be capable of doing a mean action,—if I see him imperious and tyrannical; if he takes advantage of the weak to oppress, or of the poor to grind, or of the downcast to insult,—or is contiuually on the hunt after excuses not to do what he ought,—I determine such a man, though he may have fought fifty duels, to be a coward.—It is by no means a proof that a man is brave because he does not refuse to fight;—for we all know that cowards *have fought*, nay,—that cowards have conquered.—

but a coward never performed a generous or a noble action :—And thou hast my authority to say, —and thou mightest find a worse, that a hard-hearted character never was a brave one. I say, thou mayest justly call such a man a coward,—and, if he should be spirited into a resentment of the words—fear him not.—*Tristram* shall brighten his armor, and scour the rust off his spear, and aid thee in the combat.

And now let me ask thee, my good friend, how it happens that thy fancy has of late taken to the Dormitory.—I thought the very names of *Petrarch* and *Laura*, and the enchanting scene of *Vaucluse's* fountain, which is such a classical spot to all tender minds, must have inspired thee with a flow of sentiment, that would have meandered thro' every page of thy last letter ;—but instead of it, here have I been saluted with a string of stiff, starched notions of honor, and God knows what—that you could have found no where but in conversing with the young lords in great periwigs,—and the old ladies in bouncing fardingals,—who have so long inhabited —— ——'s long, long gallery.

However, when you are tired of such company, and stalking about upon a matted floor, you may come here and contemplate the autumn leaf ; and relax yourself with looking at me while I prepare another volume or two to lessen the spleen of a splenetic world.—For, with all its faults, I am willing to do it that good at least,—if it will let me ;—and, if it will not, I shall leave you to pity it. So fare thee well,—and God bless you.

I remain,

Thine most affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER. XXXV.

TO LADY —— C—— H——

Saturday Noon.

HERE am I now actually at my writing table,—shall I devulge the secret?—in something between the fortieth and forty-fifth year of my life,—I shall leave your ladyship, if you please, to imagine all the rest:—And, in this advancing state of my age, am I to address myself to all those charms which are composed by the happiest combination of youth and beauty.——

But if you should consider this as a presumption, I will quit those beauties which belong only to early life, and make my application to qualities, which are of every period, and possess that lengthened charm, which makes one overlook the wrinkles of age, and turns the hoary hair into auburn tresses. That you will always possess the one as you now do the other, I have heard acknowledged wherever I have heard your name mentioned: Nor do I remember that your praise was ever accompanied with the exception of a single *but*—from any of the many various forms and shapes, which envy plants in every corner to snarl at excellence.

But while your ladyship, by a kind of miraculous power, can subdue envy with respect to yourself, ——you may sometime, without meaning it, encourage its attacks upon others.—For my part, nothing *can be more* certain than that I shall be envied with a *vengeance*, when it is known with what a gracious

condescension you have indulged my request: But envy, on such an occasion, will add to my laurels instead of withering them:—It is like the scar of glory; and, I am as proud of the one, as the patriot hero has reason to be of the other.

To confine myself, however, to the purpose of this paper.

Permit me to thank your ladyship most cordially, for permitting me to solicit the honor of your protection—as for attempting to thank you for having granted it, that is not in my power; both my pen and my lips find it impossible to obey the impulse of my heart on the occasion.—Perhaps the time may come, when some of the *Shandy* family may possess a sufficient eloquence, to offer you that homage, which is very devoutly felt, but cannot be adequately expressed,—indeed it cannot, by

Your ladyship's most faithful,

and obedient humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO ———.

Wednesday,—past 9 at night—and not very well.

THAT woman is a timid animal, I am most ready, my dear friend, to acknowledge,——but, like other timid animals, is more dangerous, in certain situations, than those who possess a greater degree of natural courage.——I would, therefore, counsel thee for this, among a thousand other reasons, never to make a woman thine enemy, if thou canst possibly help it.——Not that I suspect thee to be capable of an uncourteous act, to any of the lovlier sex,——on the contrary, I think thee qualified, and disposed too, beyond most men I ever knew, to charm them, and do them good: And it is, perhaps, on that, as much as any other account, that I warn thee against giving them offence.—For I have more than once observed, and mentioned with some concern, a propensity in thy character to collect thy warm affections in one particular circle, and to be careless of, which, as it relates to women, is the same thing as to be ungracious to those, who are not included in it.

There is something amiable,—nay, there may be something noble in the principle of such a conduct; but it is too refined for a world like ours; in which, short as life is, we may easily live long enough, to find the inconvenience and distress of it. He who attaches himself entirely to one object—or even to a *few*,—may, from ingratitude, caprice, or death, be *soon left alone*: And he will come with an ill grace

when necessity compels him, to seek for kindness and society, where he formerly appeared to disdain both.

If a small cohort of friends could be certain of continuing together, till they all sunk, into one common grave, your present theory might form not only a gallant, and a pleasant, but a practicable system; this, however, my dear fellow, cannot be, and, as for living alone when all our friends are gone, it is neither more, or less, than making life a living tomb, which, in my mind, is far,—far worse, than a dead one.

But to return to my subject.

Woman is a timid animal,—and, therefore, I trust and am sure thy generous nature, laying aside every other consideration, will never do any thing designedly to distress it.—Indeed, it does not appear to me, that there can be a possible situation, which will justify any kind of inattention to the sex, that may give them pain.—For be assured, and I will rest my experience of woman kind, of which I am not a little proud, on the opinion, that the passion for any individual of the sex, whatever her perfections may be, which makes thee relax in thy gracious behavior to the rest, will never promote thy real happiness:—It may afford thee a certain season, tho' I believe a very short one, of tumultuous rapture, and then thou wilt awake from thy delirium, to all the grievances of a fretful spirit.

Women look at least for attentions;—they consider them as an inherent birthright, given to their sex by the laws of polished society; and when they are deprived of them, they most certainly have a right to complain——and will be, one and all, disposed to practise that revenge, which is not, by any means, to be treated with contempt. It would be very unpleasant for me to hear in any female society, that my friend was a strange, eccentric, singular, *unpleasant* character;——and I rather think, that *he himself* would not be pleased to find, that such

a description was given, and believed of him.——I do not mean to urge,—indeed, I well know you cannot suspect me of so gross an error,—that the same regard is to be equally dealt to all : This is far from being my system ; *but I affirm on the other hand—that all are not to be disregarded for one ;* for it will seldom happen, that the affection of that one, will recompence thee for the enmity of all the rest.—— Love one, if you please, and as much as you please ——but, be gracious to all.

Affection may, surely, conduct thee through an avenue of women, to her who possesses thy heart, without tearing the flounces of any of their petticoats. The displaying courtesy to all whom you meet, will delay you very little in your way, to the arms of her whom you love—and, if I mistake not, will attune your sensibilities, to the higher enjoyment of the raptures you will find there.

We have all of us, enemies enough, my good friend, from the inevitable course of human events, without our encreasing the number by so strange, and unprofitable conduct, as that of neglecting any of the most trifling offices of familiar life.

Besides,——to come more home to thine heart, ——let me observe to thee,—that charity, and humanity, which, by the bye, are one, and the same thing, are said to be the foundation of those qualities, which form what is called a well-bred man.—— If, therefore, you should, on any account, get into the habit of neglecting the latter,——you may stand more than a chance of its being said, that you do not possess the former, which, you know to be the brightest jewel in the human character——And this I am certain would wound thee in thy very soul.

—My dear boy, neglect not these, and other things, which, thou mayst call, little things ;—for little things, believe me, are, oftentimes, of great importance, in the arrangements of life.

You have been frequently pleased to tell me, as a matter of praise, that, in my descriptions, I am natural to a nicety,—and, when I tell of picking up an handkerchief, or wiping a tear from the cheek of a distressed damsel, with a white one—or the sticking a pin into a pincushion,—and such things, I am far superior to any other writer.—Apply then, I beseech thee, this observation to thyself, and give me an opportunity of retorting the eulogium upon thee. This, is the sincere wish of thy friend.

So may God bless thee, and direct the best feelings of thy heart, to the best purposes of thy life.

I am,

Yours most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

The postman's bell tells me I have not time to read what I have written; but I will trust to both our hearts, that there is nothing which either ought to be ashamed of.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MRS. V———

Monday Morning.

WHEN all the croud, my fair lady, was hurried into the gardens, to hear the music of squibs and crackers—and to see the air illuminated by rockets, and balloons,—I was flattered, exquisitely flattered, to find you contented to saunter lackadaysically with me, round an exhausted Ranelagh, and give me your gentle, amiable, elegant sentiments, in a tone of voice, that was originally intended for a Cherub. How you got it I know not—nor is it my business to enquire; I am ever rejoiced to find, any emanation of the other world, in any corner of this, be it where it may;—but particularly, when it proceeds thro' any female organ,—where the effect must be more powerful, because it is always most delicious.

Now after this little emanation of my spirit, which may not be quite so celestial as it ought, I trust you will not think me ungracious, in desiring you to excuse my promised duties, at your drawing-room this evening. The truth is,—my cough has seized me so violently by the throat, that, tho' I could hear you sing, I should not be able, to tell you the effects, of your music, upon my heart. Indeed,—I can scarce produce a whisper, loud enough, to make the servant bring my gruel.

I have now been so long acquainted with this crazy frame of mine, that I know all its tricks,—and, I foresee, that I have a week's indulgence, at least, to bestow upon it.—However, on Sunday next, I trust, —I may be cassock myself, in my cloak, and be *chaired to your* warm cabinet, where, I hope to *voice enough*, to assure you, of the sincere

teem, and admiration, I feel for you,—whether I can tell you so, or no. Colds, and coughs, and catarrhs, may tie up the tongue, but the heart is above the little inconveniences, of its prison house, and will one day escape from them all. 'Till that period, I shall beg leave to remain, with great truth,

Your most faithful,

And obedient, humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO ——.

Sunday Evening.

THE poor in spirit, and the poor in purse, with nine out of ten,—nay, with ninety-nine, in an hundred of the world, are so alike, that, by practising the virtues of the former, a man generally gets, all the credit, or rather discredit of the latter.

Here are very few, my friend, who have that nice insight into characters, as to be able to discern the various, but approaching shades, that distinguish them from each other—and, sorry am I to say it, but, there are still fewer, who have the humanity to make them employ their discernment, where it ought to be employed, in favor of the heart.

This moderation of temper, which is always associated to sterling merit, is made to win the love of *the few*, but is too apt, at the same time, to be not *only* the dupe, but the contempt of the many. He, *who comes* not forward with his pretensions, is ei-

ther supposed to possess none,—or to be prevented by some awkward, or disgraceful circumstance, from offering them.—The ignorant, the upstart, and the assuming will, not be made to believe, that the humble can have merit.—As they themselves wear, the tinsel suit of tawdry qualifications, upon their backs, they look no further for the qualities of others—— Which, by the bye, is natural enough.

The wicked, and the knavish, will not suppose, that a man on the score of conscience, or virtue, can be such an idiot, as to practise submission, and keep back brilliant talents from exercise, because he cannot enlist them in an honest cause;—or, that when he is employing them in an humble way,—it is not with some design of artifice, or from some motive that is base;—so that the modest, diffident, and Christian character, stands but little chance of what is called good fortune in the world.—Indeed, Christianly speaking, there is no great promise made to it, in this petty circle of time;—such virtues are to look, to more durable honors, when this world is faded away,—and it is their consolation and their delight, here, that such a reward awaits them. Alas,—without this hope, how could the good bear as they do, the thousand untoward circumstances, that are continually pressing upon them,—and, chasing away the smile from the cheeks, and placing tears in their stead.

But I am interrupted,—or I believe,—instead of a letter—you would have had a sermon; but it is Sunday evening,—and therefore with,—a God bless you,—I conclude myself,

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO ——————

Saturday Evening.

I HAVE had, my friend, another attack, and tho' I am, in a great measure recovered, it has hinted to me one thing, at least, which is,—that if I am rash enough to risk the winter in London, I shall never see another spring.*

But be that as it may,—as my family is now in England, and as I have my Sentimental Journey;—which, I think with you, will be the most popular of my works, to give to the world:—I know not how it will be possible for me, to run so counter to my interest, my affections, and my vanity—as to set my face southward before March,—and I think if I get to that period, I may bid the scare-crow, defiance, for another seven, or eight months,—and then I may leave him in the fogs, and go where, as he so often followed me in vain, he will not follow me again. And this idea cheers my spirit—not, believe me, that I am uneasy about death, as death;—but, that I think, for a dozen years to come—I could make a very tolerable, good use of life.

But be that as it pleases God.

Besides I have promised your,—and sure I may add, my charming friend, Mrs. V——, to pay her a visit in Ireland,—which,—I mean that you should do with me.

It is not that you introduced me to her acquaintance,—which is something; it is not her enchanting voice which, humanly speaking may be more,—nor that she has come herself, in the form of a pitying angel, and made my tisan for me during my illness,—and played at piquet with me, in order to

* *In the very beginning of the following spring, he died at his lodgings in Bond-street.*

prevent my attempt to talk, as she was told it would do me harm;—which is most of all—that makes me love her so much as I do;—but it is a mind attuned to every virtue, and a nature of the first order,—beaming thro' a form of the first beauty. In my life did I never see any thing—so truly graceful as she is, nor had I an idea, 'till I saw her—that grace could be so perfect in all its parts, and so suited to all the higher ordinances of the first life, from the superintending impulse of the mind. For I will answer for it, that education, tho' called forth to the utmost exertions, has played a very subordinate part, in the composition of her character. All its best efforts are—as it were—in the back ground, or rather are lost in the general mass of those qualities, which predominate over all her accessory accomplishments.

In short, if I had ever so great an inclination to cross the gulph, while such a woman beckoned me to stay,—I could not depart.

The world, however, has absolutely killed me, and should such a report have reached you, I know full well, that it would have grieved you sorely,—and I wish you not to shed a tear for me in vain.—That you will drop more than one over thy friend Yorick, when he is dead, soothes him while he is yet alive;—but I trust that, though there may be something in my death, whenever it happens,—to distress you, there will be something, also in the remembrance of me, to comfort you, when I am laid beneath the marble.

But why do I talk of marble,—I should say beneath the sod.

For cover my head with a turf, or a stone,
'Twill be all one—
'Twill be all one.

Till then, at least, I shall be, with great truth,
Your most affectionate,
L. STERNE

END OF THE LETTERS.

A FRAGMENT,

IN THE MANNER OF

RABELAIS.

CHAP. I.

Showing two things; first, what a Rabelaic Fellow Longinus Rabelaicus is; and secondly, how cavalierly he begins his book.

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbishops and bishops, as the *rest* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongst us for such a work, was fully bent within himself to sit down immediately and compose a thorough-stitched system of the *Kerukopaedia*, fairly setting forth, to the best of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpose all that is needful to be known and understood of that art?——Of what art, cried Panurge? Good God! answered Longinus (making an exclamation, but taking care at the same time to moderate his voice) why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, rostrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems.——I will be shot, quoth Epistemon, if all this story of thine of a roasted horse, is simply no more than S——Sausages, quoth Panurge.—Thou hast fallen, twelve

feet and about five inches below the mark, answered Epistemon, for I hold them to be *Sermons*——which said word (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree for a book of high rhetoric—Longinus Rabelaicus was foreminded to usher and lead into his dissertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford: And for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horse, or the Kerukopeadia is nothing but the art of making 'em.—— And why not, quoth Gymnast, of preaching them when we have done?——Believe me, dear souls, this is half in half—and if some skilful body would but put us in a way to do this to some *tune*—Thou would'st not have them *chanted* surely? quoth Triboulet, laughing.——No, nor *canted* neither, quoth Gymnast, crying.——But what I mean, my friends, says Longinus Rabelaicus (who is certainly one of the greatest critics in the western world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever existed) what I mean, says he, interrupting them both and resuming his discourse, is this: That if all the scattered rules of the Kerukopaedia could be but once carefully collected into one code as thick as Panurge's head, and the whole *cleanly* digested—Pooh! (says Panurge, who felt himself aggrieved) and bound up, continued Longinus, by way of a regular institute, and then put into the hands of every licensed preacher in Great Britain and Ireland, just before he began to compose, I maintain it——I deny it flatly, quoth Panurge.——What? answer'd Longinus Rabelaicus, with all the temper in the world.

CHAP. II.

In which the reader will begin to form a judgment of what an historical, dramatical, anecdotical, allegorical, and comical kind of a work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS, who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom), knowing nothing at all of the matter, was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room :—For having fouled two clean sheets of his own, and being quite stuck fast in the entrance upon his third general *division*, and finding himself unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace—"Curse it,' says he,(thereby excommunicating every mother's son who should think differently) "why may not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well as any other human emergency ?"——So without any more argumentation, except starting up and nimming down from the top shelf but one, the second volume of Clark——though without any felonious intention in so doing——he had begun to clap me in (making a joint first) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row ; and because there was a confounded high gallery, was transcribing it away like a little devil——Now, quoth Homenas to himself, though I hold all this to be fair and square,yet if I am found out there will be the duce and all to pay.——"Why are the bells ringing backwards,you lad ?"—"What is all that croud about, honest man ?"——Homenas was got upon Doctor Clark's back, sir"—— "And what of that, my lad ?"——"Why, an' please you, he has broke his neck and fractured his *scull, and* befouled himself into the bargain, by a

fall from the pulpit two stories high."——" Alas! poor Homenas! Homenas has done his business! ——Homenas will never preach more while breath is in his body."——No, faith, I shall never be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may sit up whole winter nights baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as solid as a Father of the Church ——or, I may sit down whole summer days evaporating my spirits into the finest thoughts, and write as florid as a mother of it—in a word, I may compose myself off my legs, and preach till I burst—— and when I have done, it will be worse than if not done at all.——" Pray, Mr. Such-a-one, who held " forth last Sunday ?"——" Doctor Clark, I trow ;" " says one.——" Pray, what Dr. Clark ?" says a " second.——" Why, Homenas's Dr. Clark, quoth " a third. " O rare Homenas !" cries a fourth.—— ——" Your servant, Mr. Homenas," quoth a fifth. ——'Twill be all over with me, by Heaven——I may as well put the book from whence I took it—— Here Homenas burst into a flood of tears, which falling down helter skelter, ding-dong, without any kind of intermission, for six minutes, and almost twenty-five seconds, had a marvellous effect upon his discourse ; for the aforesaid tears, do you mind, did so temper the wind that was rising upon the aforesaid discourse, but falling for the most part perpendicularly, and hitting the spirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the surface of his harangue, they not only played the devil and all with the sublimity——but moreover the said tears, by their nitrous quality, did so refrigerate, precipitate, and kurry down to the bottom of his soul all the unsavory particles which lay fermenting (as you saw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the coolest and chastest style (for a soliloquy I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard case," continued Homenas to himself—Panurge, by the bye, and all the company in the next room hearing all along every syllable he spoke; for you must know, that notwithstanding Panurge had opened his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round answer to Longinus Rabelaicus's interrogation, which concluded the last chapter—yet Homenas's rhetoric had poured in so like a torrent, slap-dash through the wainscot amongst them, and happening at that uncritical crisis, when Panurge had just put his ugly face into the above-said posture of defence—that he stopt short—he did indeed; and though his head was full of matter, and he had screw'd up every nerve and muscle belonging to it, till all cry'd crack again, in order to give a due projectile force of what he was going to let fly full in Longinus Rabelaicus's teeth, who sat over against him—yet, for all that, he had the continuance to contain himself; for he stopt short, I say, without uttering one word, except "Z——ds"——Many reasons may be assigned for this; but the most true, the most strong, the most hydrostatical, and the most philosophical reason why Panurge, did not go on was—that the forementioned *torrent* did so *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with ——God help him, poor fellow! so he stopt short, (as I have told you before) and all the time Homenas was speaking, he said not another word, good or bad, but stood gaping, and staring like what you please—so that the break, marked thus—which Homenas's grief had made in the middle of his discourse, which he could no more help than he could fly—— produced no other change in the room where Longinus Rabelaicus, Epistemon, Gymnast, Triboulet, and nine or ten more honest blades had got Kerukopaedizing together, but that it gave time to Gymnast to give Panurge a good squashing chuck under *his double* chin; which Panurge taking in good

part, and just as it was meant by Gymnast, he forthwith shut his mouth—and gently sitting down upon a stool, though somewhat excentrically and out of neighbor's row, but listening, as all the rest did, with might and main, they plainly and distinctly heard every syllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

THE END.

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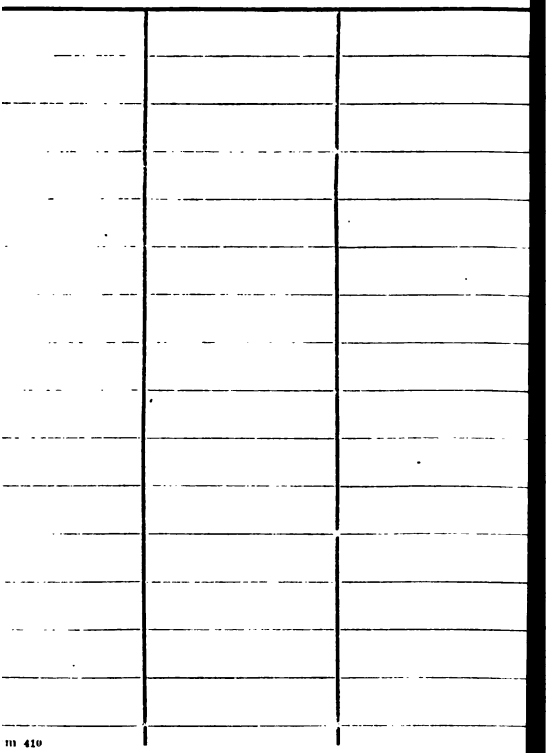

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